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# THE SEWANEE REVIEW

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## THE ATTEMPT TO REFORM THE CHURCH OF COLONIAL VIRGINIA

The branch of the Anglican Church which was established in the colony of Virginia differed in many important respects from the original body. The basic doctrines were, of course, the same, but there was wide divergence in organization, in government, even in the form of worship. This was the result of unique economic, political, and social conditions which the Church encountered in Virginia. The ecclesiastical establishment began, from the very hour of its foundation, a separate and peculiar development. It became, inevitably had to become, the child of Virginia. It had to shape and mould itself, so far as possible, into something suited to the requirements and life of the colony.

Unfortunately this development was by no means wholesome. The Anglican Church did not, like the English representative institutions, flourish on the soil of Virginia. The plantation life of the colonists and their democratic tendencies caused its growth to be halting and unhealthful. By the end of the seventeenth century it was apparent to all that its condition was such that unless vigorous efforts were made to effect a thorough reform, decay and ruin were inevitable. Its government was divided and weak, the character of its clergy was poor, many parishes were vacant, the liturgy was neglected, the religious wants of the people were imperfectly met.

The Church in Virginia was unfavorably affected by the sparseness of the population. It made necessary the establishing of parishes of very great size, so great, in fact, that no one man could minister to them properly. The evil was most pronounced

during the seventeenth century, when the country was not fully settled. The plantations followed the banks of the great rivers and did not extend for more than a mile or two into the back country. This made it necessary for the parishes to be very narrow and of extreme length. As time passed and the population increased, the parishes were altered in size and in shape, but they remained always of great extent. In 1724, St. Paul's parish, in Hanover County, was no less than sixty miles long. Bristol and Hungers covered each forty miles, Westminster and Westover thirty. Where the parishes were smaller the difficulty of providing a support for able pastors often made it necessary to place two or more cures under the care of one clergyman.

This state of affairs led, as a matter of course, to serious neglect of religion. Regular attendance at worship was impossible. It required deep devotion and constancy of purpose for people to make their way ten or fifteen miles to church through the forests of Virginia. The evil was mitigated to some extent by the establishment in remote districts of chapels of ease. These, however, were very poorly served. Usually worship was conducted only by lay readers, for the pastor could seldom visit them more than one Sunday in the month. Often even chapels were lacking, and the clergymen found it necessary to ride out to their scattered flocks to preach in private houses. The great distance made it very difficult for the ministers to win and retain the friendship and love of their flocks, for they could not be frequent visitors at homes that were perhaps ten or fifteen miles from the parsonage. They could not even attend their sick. Some of the Virginia parsons struggled manfully against the weight of unfortunate conditions. It must have been a familiar sight to see them upon their mud-splashed horses, making their way along the narrow paths of the forests to bring the Gospel to the homes of their scattered parishioners. But the fight was a hard one, and many of the clergy were neither earnest enough nor brave enough to make it.

Thoughtful men were early keenly aware of the danger which threatened the Church from this source. In letters and pamphlets the opinion was frequently expressed that religion could never flourish so long as the colonists retained their system of



isolated plantations. "In remote and scattered settlements," wrote a certain Francis Makenzie, "we can never enjoy . . . Privileges and Opportunities [of religious worship], for by reason of bad weather, or other accidents Ministers are prevented, and people are hindered to attend. . . . It is a melancholy Consideration how many . . . continue grossly ignorant of many necessary facts of the Christian Religion." "Their seating themselves in that Wilderness," declared another writer, "hath caused them hitherto to rob God in a great measure of that publick Worship and Service which . . . he requires to be constantly paid to him. . . . This Sacriledge I judge to be the prime Cause of their long languishing, improsperous condition, for it puts them under the Curse of God."

The sparseness of the population injured the clergyman in still another way: it made it very difficult for the people to provide him with an adequate salary. No matter how large his parish, it usually embraced but a small congregation. In Virginia there was nothing comparable to the great endowments which had existed for centuries in England, and which had done so much to make the Church independent and powerful. The colonial clergy were paid almost entirely from funds raised by taxation. In the first half of the seventeenth century the salaries of the ministers varied greatly. It was the practice to assess each titheable\* in the colony for church dues, but the money thus raised was not distributed equally. Each clergyman received all the funds raised in his parish and no more. His annual stipend might be £80, it might be less than £30. For some years the tax was placed at ten pounds of tobacco and a bushel of corn for each titheable.

This system worked great hardships upon the clergy in the less populous counties, and in 1662 the practice of the colony was changed. An act was passed attempting to make all the salaries uniform. It mattered not whether a minister served a large parish or a small one, he was to receive a stated salary, fixed by the Assembly. Unfortunately this brought about great inequality in the distribution of church dues. In the thinly set-

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\* The titheable were all persons subject to the head, or poll, tax.

tled parishes the burden upon each titheable became very heavy. The law required that each minister should receive "in the valuable and current commodityes of the country" at least £80, "besides the perquisites and glebe." If the payment were made in tobacco, the valuation was to be at the rate of twelve shillings a hundred pounds.

The law, when it was first passed, must have provided the clergy with a maintenance suited to their calling and their requirements. Unfortunately the Navigation Acts brought about, during the Restoration Period, a sharp decline in the price of tobacco and diminished the value of the ministers' salaries. The 13,333 pounds of leaf which the law allotted them had brought in the market not far from the £80 at which the act had set it, but thirty years later it was worth only half that sum. The clergy complained bitterly of this unfortunate development, and appealed to the Assembly to change the valuation of their tobacco so that it would approximate the true market price. In this they were unsuccessful. In 1696 the Assembly, under pressure from England, increased to 16,000 pounds the amount of tobacco paid each minister, but this by no means restored the income to its former value. In addition to his regular salary each clergyman was entitled to a parsonage and glebe, but the law in this respect was often evaded by the parishes. Some of the clergy received no glebes at all, and those given to others were of little value. It was asserted that "one with another" the glebes were "not worth above forty or fifty shillings per annum."

All in all, the livings furnished the Virginia clergy were most inadequate. Frequently they could not attend properly to their duties because they were harassed by poverty. They could not supply themselves with books. Many of them were compelled to remain single, for women of culture and refinement hesitated to mate with them. In 1692 James Blair represented to William III, probably with some exaggeration, that their condition was miserable in the extreme. "The Ministers' Salaries," he said, "are fallen above one half, and there is no more hope that they can live comfortably upon them, so that many of the better sort who can pay their passage, begin to desert the country."

The plantation system made it impossible for the clergy to conform fully to the liturgy. This was a matter of deep concern to many of the pastors who came to the colony, but they were powerless to remedy the evil. They discovered that rules and ordinances which were well suited to the Church in the mother country could not be enforced in the "wilderness of America." As we have seen, one of the most common breaches of the liturgy was the extensive use of lay readers in both churches and chapels. But the practice was unavoidable. The number of ordained priests was insufficient for the needs of the people, and laymen of "sober life and conversation" had to be employed frequently, or many allowed to go for weeks at a time without public worship. The colonists also violated the liturgy by burying their dead in private cemeteries. The clergy frowned upon the custom, but they found that it was made necessary by the isolation of the plantations. "It is a common thing all over the country," wrote James Blair, "(what thro' want of ministers, what by great distance . . . ) both to bury at other places than Church yards, & to employ Laicks to read the funeral Service; till our circumstances and Laws are altered, we know not how to redress." More serious still was the necessity of administering the sacraments without the prescribed vestments and without "proper Ornaments and Vessels." In fact, both clergy and laity became lax in observing many things considered of importance by the Anglican Church. None of the Holy Days were observed except Christmas and Good Friday, the Lord's Supper was often administered to unconfirmed persons, marriages were solemnized in private residences.

The government of the Virginia Church was essentially different from that of the body from which it sprang. In the early years of the colony, when the inhabitants were but a few hundred in number, the king had commissioned his governor to take control of ecclesiastical matters. This he felt was all that was necessary, for the appointing of a bishop or the establishment of a hierarchy was not to be thought of for an infant colony. But the governor proved ill-suited to be the head of the Church. His other duties required his full attention, while his political interests at times conflicted with those of the clergy. Moreover,

as a layman he could never become in a real sense the Bishop of Virginia. During most of the seventeenth century the governors seem to have neglected their clerical duties, and left the Church to develop as time and local conditions should determine. This made possible that strange anomaly,—a democratic branch of the Anglican Church.

In Virginia the churches were built almost invariably by the people, and not, as was often the case in England, by wealthy patrons. Moreover, the clergy were paid, as we have seen, by the people by means of local taxation. The people, therefore, through their vestries, claimed a major part in the control of the Church. They were, they argued, the true patrons of the parishes, and as such had the right to select their own ministers. This pretense they made good. Throughout the entire colonial period most of the clergy officiated only as the salaried employees of the vestries. In a few cases, where the ministers showed themselves men of ability and true piety, the vestries presented them to the governors for induction. When this was done they held their places for life. But it is probable that not more than one-tenth of the clergy were thus honored by their parishes.

In the meanwhile circumstances had been making the Bishop of London the diocesan of all the colonial Church. At first his duties in his new office seem to have been confined to sending ministers to the plantations. Before the end of the seventeenth century, however, he assumed a more direct control and appointed in several colonies commissaries to represent him and uphold his authority. In Virginia this officer never exercised great power, and by no means superseded the governor as the head of the local Church. He was empowered to hold conventions, make visitations, and supervise the conduct of the clergy. The governor claimed by his commission the power of giving licenses for marriages, probates of wills, and inductions of ministers. As this division of authority resulted in frequent clashes between the governor and the commissary, it brought discredit upon the Church, and was a source of great weakness in its government.

The insufficient salaries and the insecurity of tenure conspired to bring upon the Church another evil. It became a



matter of the greatest difficulty to secure able and pious ministers. It is always with reluctance that men leave their homes to migrate to a distant and strange land, and great advantages must be shown them before they will make the venture. These advantages the Virginia Church could not offer. As a result, it was forced, only too frequently, to be content with men of inferior ability and character. There were, of course, many good and earnest ministers in Virginia. Scores of instances could be cited of men who accepted without complaint the arduous task of upholding religion in the colony, and won the love and respect of their parishioners. But there can be little doubt that the Virginia parson was only too often ill-suited to his holy calling. Of ministers, as of "all other commodities," wrote Sir William Berkeley, with some bitterness, "the worst are sent us." Governor Nicholson declared "that the Clergy were all a Pack of Scandalous fellows." In 1704 the vestry of Varina parish complained that often the Virginia ministers were weak men or worse, "being given to many vices not agreeable to their Coates." Their own commissary testified that there were "enormities among them." In 1697, a certain Nicholas Moreau wrote that the clergy were "of a very ill example." Some of them had been so scandalous in their conduct that they had created a strong prejudice among the people against the clergy as a whole. Matters became so bad that in 1718 the Bishop of London felt it necessary to warn them that "the faults & miscarriages in the life and conversation of some" of them, must be corrected. This admonition accomplished little, and six years later it was declared necessary to take severe action against such vices on the part of the clergy as "cursing, swearing, Drunkenness, or fighting." It was seriously proposed to establish a test to determine how far a minister might proceed in his cups before passing the limits of sobriety. "First, let the signs of Drunkenness be proved, such as sitting an hour or longer in the Company when they were a drinking strong drink and in the meantime drinking of healths or otherwise taking his cups as they came round . . . ; striking, challenging, threatening to fight, or laying aside any of his Garments for that purpose; staggering, reeling, vomiting, incoherent, impertinent, obscene or rude talking."

At first sight it seems strange that the people of Virginia should have submitted to conditions such as these ; but they were forced to accept ministers of poor character or have none at all. The vestry of Christ Church parish, Lancaster County, declared that it was so hard for them to secure pastors that they were glad to accept any that offered, "let their lives be never so licentious or their qualifications so unfit."

Some parishes were forced for years to remain vacant. And throughout the entire colonial period there never was a time when the supply of ministers was equal to the demand for them. As early as 1611 we find the colonists begging for "godly and earnest" men to fill their pulpits. In 1620 there were only five ministers in the colony. Nine years later Governor Harvey, in a letter addressed to the Privy Council, tried to impress upon the English government the crying need for "able and grave" pastors to attend the spiritual needs of the people. "Do they not either wilfully hide their talents," complained another writer, "or keep themselves at home, for fear of losing a few pleasures? Be not there any among them of Moses and his mind, and of the Apostles, who forsook all to follow Christ?" During the Commonwealth period this want was still so severely felt that especial inducements were offered to ministers by the Assembly to migrate to the colony. In 1661 the king was implored to ask Oxford and Cambridge universities to furnish the Virginia Church with the ministers they so greatly needed. When Lord Culpeper became governor, thirty-four clergymen were ministering to forty-eight parishes, and seventeen years later there were fifty parishes, while the number of pastors was but twenty-two. A letter from the vestry of Lawn's Creek parish to Governor Francis Nicholson, written in 1704, throws much light upon the troubles of the people in this matter. "Our condition here in Virginia is very different from that of England," they said, "for there are always enough in orders there to supply vacancies. Here there has never yet been ministers enough to supply us, neither are there now incumbents in above half our parishes and none unbeneficed to be presented by those that are vacant. Neither can we get them, tho we have earnestly tried to procure them from England."

Such was the condition of the Virginia Church as the seventeenth century drew to a close. To thoughtful and pious men it seemed that things could not be worse. With the clergy poorly paid, insufficient in numbers and of inferior ability and character, with the liturgy disregarded in many important respects, with the parishes too large to be properly ministered to, with the church government disorganized and weak, unless radical reforms were instituted immediately, decay and utter ruin were inevitable.

The great Churchmen of England were not ignorant of the danger which threatened. In pamphlets and reports and letters the clergy, not only of Virginia, but of several other colonies, made frequent complaints of their troubles. Yet nothing was done to effect reform until the accession to the See of London, in 1675, of Henry Compton. This man took very seriously his duties as diocesan of the Colonial Church, and devoted his best talents to them.

He seems to have made at once a careful investigation of conditions in various colonies, and, July 17, 1677, he laid before the Board of Trade a report of the abuses he had found in ecclesiastical matters. He complained of the laxness of the governors in upholding the king's right of patronage, the seizure by the people of the profits of vacant parishes, of the hiring of the ministers by the vestries, of the payment of their salaries in cheap tobacco. He deprecated the continuance of the "profane custom of burying in their gardens, orchards, and other places," and the use of laymen to perform the marriage ceremony.

The Board's action upon this memorial shows that they failed completely to realize how deeply the trouble was rooted in the whole economic and social life of the colonies. They themselves had no remedy to suggest, they simply directed the governors to put an end to each abuse, as though these officers were omnipotent, or could, with a wave of the hand, revolutionize the Colonial Church. They directed them to see to it that adequate salaries be given the clergy, that burying in private cemeteries be prohibited, that the tenure of the clergy be made secure, that the income from vacant parishes be utilized for providing transportation for ministers. Having thus disposed of the whole

matter, the Board forgot the Church for a while, and turned its attention to the regular routine of economic and political affairs.

In 1681, and again in 1683, they received reports from Governor Culpeper, of Virginia, which must have opened their eyes. This nobleman made, during his short visits to the colony, an investigation into ecclesiastical matters, and gained some conception of the nature of the task the government had set him. He explained to the Board that to put things in "a good method" would be very "tedious and the labor of years." The root of the trouble lay in the insufficiency of the salaries, he thought. In most parts of the colony the 13,333 pounds of tobacco granted the clergy was not worth more than half "what was at first designed," and in only four parishes was the value equal to £80 a year. "Which way to begin," he added, "I know not. Good ministers would in time certainly get a better Interest in the People, but, without encouragement few will goe so far, and the people are not only poor in general, but several parts, either from barrenness, unhealthfulness or lying too remote are almost totally deserted. . . . A universal poverty is unanswerable." Culpeper made it clear to the Board that the power of the vestries over the ministers was founded upon their control of all church funds. The governor might appoint whom he chose, but unless the vestry approved of the selection the minister would receive not a penny of his salary. This was entirely wrong, he thought, but any attempt to effect a change would have to be managed with the utmost caution.

The interest of the Bishop of London in the Colonial Church increased, and his determination to effect a reformation became more fixed, as the difficulties of the undertaking bore in upon him. He early sought a clear definition of his powers in the plantations, and prevailed upon the king to grant him all ecclesiastical jurisdiction except what concerned marriages, induction of ministers, and probate of wills. He secured a bounty of £20 for each clergyman taking passage to the colony, and caused instructions to be given the governors to permit no man to enter the ministry without license from him or his successors. He sent to Virginia supplies of books—Bibles, homilies, canons, the book of common prayer, the thirty-nine articles, tables of mar-



riages. He induced able clergymen to take cures in the plantations by promising them preferment upon their return to England. In the Board of Trade he took care that nothing should pass which could in any way interfere with the welfare of religion.

Perhaps Compton's greatest service was his institution of the office of commissary. As the governor was in each colony the king's representative and substitute, so was the commissary the deputy of the Bishop of London. It was his duty to supervise the clergy, to uphold the authority of the bishop and to keep him advised as to the course of events. The first regular commission for this office was granted in 1689 to James Blair. Compton could not have made a better selection. Dr. Blair is one of the strongest, one of the most interesting, characters in the history of the British American colonies. One cannot make even a cursory study of Virginia during the years from 1680 to 1725 without encountering at every turn evidences of the influence of this sturdy clergyman. While employed in England as Master of the Rolls, he had known Compton, and it was he who had persuaded him to come to the colony. Blair was assigned to Varina parish upon his arrival in 1685, and served there until forced to resign many years later in order to take up his duties as President of William and Mary College. His ministry here gave him an opportunity of observing for himself the conditions which were undermining the Church: the large parishes, insufficient salaries, insecure tenure, the neglect of the liturgy, the need of able and pious ministers. Why was it, he asked himself, that religion in Virginia was permitted to decay? Could not something be done to better conditions and make the Colonial Church more like the great establishment in England from which it sprang? With the receipt of his commission he entered actively upon the work of reform.

In the task which he set himself, Dr. Blair found an enthusiastic supporter in the new lieutenant-governor, Francis Nicholson. This strange man, despite his profanity, his violence, his immoral life, was always an ardent friend of the Church. The clergy regarded him as their champion and benefactor. One grateful minister spoke of him as "the Right hand of God, the father of the Church, and more, the father of the poor." So

great, he thought, was his influence for good, that were he aided by an American bishop, he would settle the Church in those parts, and "make Hell tremble."

So now this ill-assorted trio—Blair, Nicholson, and Compton—went to work to set things right with the Virginia Church. It was the commissary who took the active lead. With the lieutenant-governor's approval and aid he drew up a scheme of reform which later was laid before the Bishop of London and other great British prelates. This programme was of far-reaching and vital import to the colony. Had it been successful in all its parts it would have altered the religious, moral, and political life of the people.

The reformers were especially intent upon bettering the character of the clergy. Little good, they thought, could be accomplished until Virginia had secured a body of pious and able ministers, capable of commanding the love and respect of the people. With this in view they sought to increase the salaries, to get a more secure tenure, to establish ecclesiastical discipline, and to erect a college in the colony for the training of young men for divine orders.

In securing greater salaries for the clergy Blair feared strong opposition in the Assembly. Many counties would be certain to object to any increase in their parish levies, and would instruct their burgesses to vote against it. But Nicholson might force the measure through by using the influence which belonged to his office. He could make it a party measure, and insist that all who wished to retain his favor must vote for it. If this should prove not enough, the commissary was to enlist the influence of the English bishops to obtain a command from the king and queen that the clergy must be better provided for.

Blair laid stress upon the proposed college. He regarded it as a great evil that the Church in Virginia should be entirely dependent upon England for its supply of ministers. How much better it would be, could some of the promising young men of Virginia be induced to turn from the all-absorbing culture of tobacco to take up the ministry! As there was in the colony no means of preparing them for this vocation, the commissary now planned to remove the difficulty by erecting a local college.

Pressure was to be brought to bear upon the parishes to make them present their ministers so that the Lieutenant-Governor could induct them. They must no longer be allowed to treat the clergy, as Blair expressed it, as "hired servants." If the vestries proved obstinate it was thought they might be brought to terms with the threat to induct *jure devoluto*, or even to take from them entirely the right of patronage.

Ecclesiastical discipline was to be made a reality. The clergyman who was lax in his duties, who lingered too long over the cups, was to feel the weight of the Church's displeasure. If his life was an open disgrace to his holy calling he was to be brought to trial and dismissed from the ministry.

Blair and Nicholson did not venture to propose a Bishop of Virginia. For this there were several reasons. It was too much to ask of the governor to surrender entirely his ecclesiastical duties, for his authority over the clergy might, and often did, add much to his influence and power. Nicholson himself, in his second administration, made frequent use of it. It was not to be expected that he should join in any scheme providing for a bishop. Nor were the people prepared for such a radical step. They were well satisfied with the democratic character of their Church and would have resented any attempt to establish a hierarchy. Already Blair's activities had created uneasiness and suspicion. So he found it necessary to go slowly in the matter. That he hoped for the eventual establishment of a bishopric in Virginia, even that he himself might be the first bishop, seems not improbable. If so, however, he was careful to conceal his designs. But he thought it not rash to increase the power of the clergy as a body by demanding representation for them in the Council of State. This would give them a voice in all executive and legislative matters, and would render it possible for them to present their needs and their desires to the government, and to protest against any infringements upon their rights. He himself as commissary, Blair thought best suited for this service.

Such was the scheme for reforming the Virginia Church. It seemed a wise and practicable plan, of far-reaching purport without being violent or revolutionary. Its advocates set to work with enthusiasm and confidence to put it into operation, and

with every hope of complete success. Blair had back of him the entire weight of the Anglican Church. The Bishop of London, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Worcester, the Bishop of Salisbury, and other great prelates gave him their hearty support before the king and queen, the Privy Council, and the Board of Trade. Through their influence he could have almost any reasonable thing within the power of the royal government to give.

Yet the plan proved an utter failure. After many years of endeavor, years filled with heartburnings and bitter contests, no permanent good had been effected for the Church. Nor are the reasons hard to find. Blair had set himself against forces in the colony which were too strong to be overcome even by the full weight of the royal government. His chief enemy was the plantation system. So long as that remained unchanged the Church would always be at a great disadvantage. And this system was too firmly rooted to be altered by any force whatsoever. Moreover, the people became distrustful of the commissary's schemes. They had begun to associate self-government in religious matters with self-government in the state. It aroused alarm and bitter opposition when Blair, with the Crown behind him, attempted to undermine the influence of the vestries and make the ministers independent of them. It would have been well for the clergy had they realized that their hope in the colony lay solely in winning the love and confidence of the people, and in convincing them that the interests of the Church were identical with those of the parishioners. Yet to the end of the colonial period they continued to appeal to the king for the preservation of their privileges and for support against the people and the Assembly of Virginia. The English government usually lent a willing ear to their pleas, but it was able to secure few lasting benefits for them, while the resentment at its interference tended to bring odium upon them. Failure was due also in no slight degree to the loss of executive support in the colony. Some of the most important of Blair's plans could not hope for success without the active assistance of the local government. And the commissary had relied much upon Nicholson. But in 1692, with the removal of the lieutenant-



governor, the executive not only withdrew its aid, but became actively hostile.

But at first the commissary met only with success. He secured the hearty coöperation of the Virginia Assembly, and then sailed for England. Upon his arrival in London, in September, 1693, he at once sought out the Bishop of London and unfolded his plans to him. He "discoursed him at large and plied him with memorials" till he "got him to be very perfect in the Business." But it was the Bishop of Worcester who, at Blair's request, laid the matter before the queen. Her Majesty "seemed to like it extraordinarily." The Archbishop of Canterbury explained the plan to the king. William, too, approved and promised to bestow any of the Virginia revenues that could properly be given away.

Their Majesties gave to the college £1985 14. 10. from the quit-rent fund of the colony, two tracts of land of ten thousand acres each, the disposal of the office of the surveyor-general of Virginia, and the revenue from the duty of one pence per pound on tobacco exported from Virginia and Maryland to other British colonies. "The net surplusage of ye Quit Rents," which amounted to about £400 per annum, was to be utilized for increasing ministers' salaries. One hundred pounds was to be paid Dr. Blair for his services as commissary, and he was given the appointment to the Council of State, which he considered so essential to the welfare of the Church. Moreover, he induced the king to write to the governor directing him to propose in his name to the Assembly that a competent salary be voted the ministers in money, or in tobacco at the current rates.

Despite the apparent importance of these concessions, it would have been well for Blair and the Church had he never gone on his mission to England. His very success with the king and queen created enemies in Virginia. He had made a conflict with the governor almost inevitable. Although his programme had been carried through with the knowledge and approval of Nicholson, it conflicted essentially with the interest of the colonial executive. And when, upon his return to the colony, Blair found his old friend gone, and the government in the hands of Sir Edmund Andros, friction began at once. The new

governor resented Blair's inroads upon the royal funds. In Virginia there was a small revenue belonging to the Crown, derived from an export duty on tobacco, from the quit-rents, and from one or two minor sources. This income, although insufficient for all governmental needs, was large enough to cover the governor's salary, and was of the utmost importance in rendering the executive independent of the Assembly. Every penny that was diverted to other uses could but weaken the government. Andros dared not complain openly, but his resentment is evident. Nor did he relish the encroachment upon his patronage, for the loss of the appointment of the surveyor-general was a matter of no little importance. Moreover, he felt aggrieved that Blair had been appointed to the Council without his recommendation, and contrary to his wishes.

Soon we find the commissary writing to his friends in England in a tone of bitter complaint. Andros, he claimed, was opposing him at every turn, and doing his best to defeat all his schemes for the reformation of the Church. He had blocked the bill for increasing the ministers' salaries, he had hindered and discouraged the building of the college, he had prevented the clergy from receiving any part of the quit-rents, he had interfered with the auditing of the penny-per-pound, he had done nothing to secure permanent tenure for the clergy, he had opposed all ecclesiastical discipline, he had actually braved the king's anger by expelling the commissary from the Council.

In 1697 Blair was back in England, filled with bitterness against Andros, and using his influence with the great bishops to undermine him at court. The governor denied that he was hostile to the Church. In a conference at Lambeth Palace, before the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury, three of his friends defended him against Blair's charges. But they proved no match for the astute commissary, and the bishops left, more strongly convinced than ever that Andros was an impediment to the reform of the Virginia clergy. A few months later the governor wrote asking permission to resign. As his successor the king designated Blair's old friend, Francis Nicholson.

Once more Blair returned in triumph to Virginia. But disappointment, more bitter than before, awaited him there. He

found that Nicholson's attitude had changed since his first administration, and that he was unwilling to coöperate with him in his schemes. Blair seems to have assumed somewhat the attitude of a kingmaker, and took upon himself to advise the governor in important matters and admonish him of his faults. This Nicholson resented. Friction arose from the divided headship of the Church, and each began to accuse the other of infringing upon his province. "He has invaded almost all . . . parts of the ecclesiastical Jurisdiction," wrote Blair, "such as convoking the clergy without taking notice of the Bishop's commissary, . . . appearing himself in their meetings, & proposing the subject matter of their consultation, . . . requiring of some ministers Canonical obedience to himself as their Bishop, taking upon himself to turn out ministers." Soon the old friendship of governor and commissary had changed to the bitterest enmity. Blair joined with five other members of the Council in preferring charges against him before the Board of Trade. He was accused of a long series of crimes and misdemeanors, and in 1705 was recalled. But though Blair was strong enough to force out governors, he could not succeed in his plans to better the clergy. His constant wrangling with one executive after another accomplished no good, and brought the Church into disrepute and emphasized the division of its headship.

Nor did Blair's efforts to secure permanent tenure for the clergy meet with better success. Of all their troubles the ministers complained most loudly of the insecurity of their position. "They are to their several vestries in the nature of hired servants," declared Dr. Blair, "agreed with from year to year, and dismissed if they please . . . without any crime proved or so much as alleged against them. . . . Nothing can have worse effects upon the Clergy than this servitude, for it hinders all good ministers from coming in or staying amongst us . . . it exposes [them] to great poverty and contempt, and makes them base, mean and mercenary." Since the inducting of ministers lay within the governor's province, Blair had at first looked to Nicholson to put an end to this state of affairs. He maintained that in all cases where the vestries refused to present, at the end of six months the governor could force upon them a minister

by inducting *jure devoluto*. With the removal of Nicholson, however, these plans came to naught, for Andros would make no effort to promote them. Not until 1699, when Nicholson returned, was the contest with the vestries begun. Then, despite his quarrel with Blair, the governor took up again the cause of the ministers.

He began by securing from Sir Edward Northey, attorney-general of England, an opinion upon the matter of induction in Virginia. This officer confirmed Blair's view. He gave as his decision that, "If the parishioners do not present a Minister to the Governor, within six months after any Church shall become void, the Governor as ordinary shall and may collate a Clerk to such Church by lapse, and his collatee shall hold the Church for life." Armed with this paper Nicholson began the assault. He ordered copies to be sent to every vestry in the colony, with directions that they should "offer to his Excellency what they thought proper thereupon."

But the result was disappointing. After the lapse of a year only five of the parishes had presented their ministers for induction; thirty-nine had excused themselves, and seven had made no reply at all. The vestries were most frank in expressing their aversion to induction. "We do find Sir Edward Northey's opinion to be very positive and absolute," declared the Upper Parish, Isle of Wight County, "and accordingly acquaint your Excellency that we . . . do not think it proper, neither are we willing to make presentation for Induction." York Church told the governor that they hoped he would not attempt to exert his authority in this matter, "the word Induction Sounding very harsh" in their ears. Northey would undoubtedly have given a different opinion, thought Wilmington parish, had he known the conditions in Virginia, and as no governor had ever inducted ministers until presented by their vestries, they hoped their liberties in this matter would not be interfered with. Saint Mary's White Chapel said that they would consider it a great "Agrievance that such an Imposition as Sir Edward Northey's Report" should be put upon them. They wished to refer the whole matter to the Assembly. Christ Church, Lancaster County, thought induction upon lapse would



be "an extraordinary hardship," and a thing never before heard of in Virginia.

The vestries made out a strong case. As the "founders of the Churches, the Glebes & the Salaries," they claimed that they were the only patrons, and that the control of the parishes could not legally or justly be taken from them. Six months was too short a time for them to secure a minister. Many of the clergy were so unworthy and dissolute that to induct them for life would be very unwise. The difficulty of securing pious men was such that none who were at all suitable had need to fear for their livings. As for Sir Edward's opinion, it had been drawn up hastily and in utter ignorance of conditions in the colony.

Nor did Nicholson dare force the matter to an issue. His threats procured a few presentations, but that was all. Despite Northey's opinion, he "never once collated upon Lapse." The reasons for this surrender are not difficult to find. In the vestries he was opposing the united gentry of the colony. These bodies were composed almost without exception of the ablest, wealthiest, and most influential men of the parishes. Vestrymen filled the Council and the House of Burgesses, they were the commanders of the militia, the collectors, and the sheriffs. To enter into a real test of strength with them would have been perilous for the strongest executive. Moreover, had Nicholson forced his nominees upon the parishes by collation, it would have been an impossible task to collect their dues, for the levying of the parish taxes was entirely in the hands of the vestries. The governor might send them a minister duly armed with all legal papers, but the poor man would have starved if he came contrary to their wishes. And it was beyond the power of any executive to force their hands in this matter. To prosecute the vestrymen for neglect of duty would have been quite futile, for neither the county justices nor the general court would have sustained him. In fact, it would have been difficult to find judges in the colony who were not themselves vestrymen. Any attempt to collect the salaries by executive appointees was not to be thought of. It would have aroused the colony to fury, perhaps to revolution.

For many years the vestries were permitted to enjoy their

victory in peace, but in 1718 they found it necessary to defend themselves against another governor — Alexander Spotswood. This stubborn Scotchman, who was an ardent defender of the royal prerogative, became convinced that his commission made him the rightful patron of the churches, and granted him the power to collate ministers to vacant parishes. He thus claimed even more than Nicholson. The latter had asserted his right only to collate upon lapse, but Spotswood attempted to "command the vestries to take such ministers as he thought fit." He made a test case in Saint Ann's parish, Essex County. This cure being vacant, he collated to it, against the wishes of the vestry, a certain Mr. Bagge. The parishioners refused to accept him, and employed a minister of their own selection. In a sharp letter Spotswood set forth the grounds for his claim and warned them not to dispute his authority. "As the King is the sovereign of the plantations," he wrote, "so he is vested with the right of patronage of all ecclesiastical benefices. . . . If you are the patrons (as you suppose) you may, as soon as you please, bring a *quare impedit*, to try your title; and then it will appear, whether the King's clerk or yours has the most rightfull possession of the Church. In the mean time I think it necessary hereby to forewarn you to be cautious how you dispose of the profits of your parish, lest you pay it in your own wrong." Despite this strong and threatening letter Spotswood could do no more to coerce the vestries than Nicholson. He soon found that the people were violently opposed to his claims and that the courts would not sustain him. He was forced to make a humiliating retreat, and the vestries remained the undisputed patrons and continued to employ the ministers at will.

The movement for better salaries met with partial success. When the Assembly met in October, 1693, Andros neglected to recommend, as the king had ordered him to do, that a competent living be voted the ministers. But the Burgesses of their own accord passed a clergy bill. Under its provisions the price of tobacco in all payments of parish dues was to be reduced from twelve to ten shillings a hundred pounds. As the equivalent of £80 was allowed by law, this would increase salaries from 13,333 pounds of tobacco a year to 16,000 pounds. Unfortunately,

however, after the act had passed the Burgesses, it came before the governor, together with a number of other bills which were being considered in a general revisal of the laws. A dispute arose between the two houses over this revisal, and all the laws, including the clergy bill, were vetoed.

In the spring of 1695 Andros, spurred on by Blair's loud complaints, brought the matter again to the attention of the Assembly and told them the king's wishes. But the Burgesses, who doubtless resented the commissary's meddling, did not receive the message with favor. The ministers, they replied to the governor, were doing quite well enough, and most of them seemed satisfied. The demand for better salaries, they thought, came only from the "avaritiously inclined." Nor could the governor and the Council bring them to a more conciliatory attitude, and the session ended without relief. In 1696, however, after much bickering between the House and the Council, a law was finally forced through, giving the ministers 16,000 pounds of tobacco a year. But the clergy were to be cumbered with unfavorable conditions of collecting and receiving their too bulky stipends, and this, as Blair bitterly complained, made the new law far less acceptable than that which had been proposed in 1693.

In the meanwhile the clergy had worked themselves into a high pitch of indignation at the House for its too optimistic statement of their condition. At a convocation in June, 1696, they made a formal protest to the governor, claiming that the Burgesses had entirely misrepresented the facts and that their circumstances were most deplorable. Andros seems to have kept this matter secret until the new clergy bill had passed, and then, when it was too late for the Assembly to reconsider its action, he placed the address before them. The Burgesses were furious. They drew up several resolutions declaring the paper "a most malicious Scandalous and unjust" reflection upon them, vindicating their former representation, and protesting again that the complaints of the clergy were groundless. Had it not been that some of the more moderate members of the House attempted to smooth over this matter, it "had certainly set the Country and the Clergy together by the Ears."

The Clergy Act alleviated somewhat the condition of the ministers, but their salaries under it were still inadequate; so inadequate, that it was no easier now to bring over able clergymen than it had been before. Blair was deeply chagrined, and blamed the governor for the miscarriage of his plans; but he could secure nothing more from the Assembly.

Even the college proved a disappointment. When the commissary returned from England it seemed that the project could not fail to be a splendid success. But the hostility of Andros proved a stumbling-block. The governor would give nothing himself to the college, and he encouraged his friends to refuse to pay the subscriptions they had made during Nicholson's time. He hindered in several ways the collection of the college dues; he tried to pervert the trustees from taking possession of the land granted by the king. Blair claimed that he went so far as to make it a party matter. "In elections of Burgesses . . .", he said, "all the governor's friends employ their utmost interest to keep out anyone that is a friend of the college, and do commonly prevail by this argument: 'if you choose such a one,' say they, 'he is a Collegian, and we shall have a tax for the College.'"

The work of erecting the main building was begun in August, 1695. But the lack of funds and the governor's opposition caused great delay, and it seems to have been completed only in 1700. Six years later it was entirely destroyed by fire. This proved a severe blow, and it was many years before Blair succeeded in repairing the damage. When the institution first opened its doors it was no more than a grammar school with one master and an usher, but during Spotswood's administration professors were added and advanced courses begun. In 1729 the trustees had succeeded in founding all the departments in the college contemplated in the charter. The number of matriculates was at no period large. In 1792 there were twenty-nine in attendance, all scholars at the grammar school; in 1736 there were sixty, and in 1754 one hundred and fifteen.

Despite the slowness of its growth, the college did eventually accomplish something for the improvement of the clergy. A divinity school was established with two professors, one of whom taught Hebrew and expounded the Bible, while the other

lectured on "controversies with heretics." The president also lectured on some theological subject once a week. Before the middle of the century some of the graduates of the school were going to England for their ordination and returning to add an element of strength and true piety to the clergy. In 1749 Rev. William Dawson declared that the Virginia churches were being supplied with "better ministers from our own Seminary" than from the British colleges. Unfortunately this state of affairs seems to have been of short duration. "The people of the Country are discouraged from bringing up their Children for the Ministry," wrote the Bishop of London only two years later, "because of the hazard and expense of sending them to England to take orders. . . . Of those who are sent from hence, a great part . . . can get no employment at home and enter into the service more out of necessity than choice. Some others are willing to go aboard to retrieve either lost fortunes or lost Characters." The number of native Virginians who became ministers seems never to have been large. The clergy remained, until the Revolution, in a sense a body of foreigners, not fully in sympathy with the life and customs of the people, and looking always for support to the Crown. Thus, after all, the college, like Blair's other projects, fell short of accomplishing for the Church the good that had been hoped.

Nor did better success attend the attempts to establish ecclesiastical discipline. At first Blair proposed to exercise a control in this matter not only over ministers, but over the laity as well. As early as 1690 he called a convocation at Jamestown to devise machinery for enforcing the Church laws. Steps were to be taken against "all Cursors, Swearers, and blasphemers, . . . all drunkards, ranters and prophaners of the Lords day and all Contemnners of the Sacraments, and against all other Scandalous persons, whether of the Clergy or Laity." In order to carry out this work he divided the colony into four precincts and appointed in each a minister to act as his deputy. This man was to be guardian of the morals of his precinct and was to summon the clergy under him twice a year to sit in judgment upon the "scandals and enormities committed within their jurisdiction." But it became evident at once that the people of Virginia



would not tolerate ecclesiastical discipline. The ministers did not dare bring charges against the members of their congregations and subject them to the humiliation of penance. Often they felt so much under the power of their vestries that they did not venture even to preach against their vices. Some years later Blair wrote that he had found himself powerless, because the colonists had "a great aversion to spiritual courts." He laid the blame partly upon Andros, who did his best "to feed & foment a Jealousy in the Country against Ecclesiastical Discipline," and had refused to acknowledge the authority of the church courts, making the civil justices try "incestuous marriages and all other spiritual causes."

Nor did this weapon prove effective even against the clergy. Many parishes were slow to prefer charges against their ministers, and it was difficult to secure positive proof. Moreover, the want of clergymen in the colony made leniency a matter of necessity. Unless the clergy "are notoriously Scandalous," wrote Blair in 1724, "I have found it necessary to content myself with admonitions, for if I lay them aside by suspension, we have no unprovided Clergymen to put in their place." During the thirty-four years that he had been commissary he had "made but 2 examples of this kind." He was forced to remain passive, or to content himself with admonitions, while the conduct of the clergy brought the Church into disrepute. "The behaviour of some men is so flagrant," he wrote despairingly in 1723, "that we had better be without ministers than to be served with such as are scandals to the Gospel." How ineffective ecclesiastical discipline proved is clearly shown by a letter to written the Bishop of London in 1726. The sober part of the clergy, it was declared, are "slothfull & negligent, and the others so debauched that they are the foremost & most bent in all manner of vices. Drunkenness is the common Vice and brings with it other indecencies, which among the ignorant creates disrespect to the character and indifference in matters of Religion."

It is impossible to view without regret the utter failure of this movement to reform the Virginia Church. Had it succeeded, it would have conferred great and lasting benefits upon the colony. A body of sincere and learned ministers would have added an

element of strength to the moral fiber of society, and would have been an invaluable stimulus to the cause of education. But the undertaking was from the first doomed to failure, for Blair and Compton had attempted the impossible. They tried to make conditions in Virginia conform to the laws and the structure of the Anglican Church. Since their ecclesiastical robes did not fit the shoulders of this young child of England, they would have altered the shoulders. It did not occur to them that they might alter the robes. Able men though they were, they could not see that the Church would fail of its mission in Virginia unless it shaped itself to conditions in the colony and to the needs of its people.

Blair's life was a sad one. For three decades he struggled against hopeless odds with all the energy and fearlessness of his sturdy Scotch nature, only to see in the end the futility of it all. In his declining years the signs of decay in the Church began to multiply. The clergy were becoming more and more corrupt, less capable of holding the esteem of the people. Dissenting preachers were making inroads upon the congregations. Even the apathy of old age could not conceal from him the fact that his worst fears were being realized.

The ruin that he had predicted came in full measure with the Revolution. At the first clash of arms the weakness of the policy pursued by the Church throughout all the colonial period became apparent. They had put their trust in the Crown, now they were to fall with the Crown. Had their cause been rooted deeply in the hearts of the people, misfortune would not have overtaken them. But they had come to be considered as a body of foreigners, hopelessly out of sympathy with the democratic aspirations of the colonists, their lives a discredit to their calling, and their services not worth the cost of their maintenance.

Hardly had Lord Dunmore been chased out of the country when the attacks upon the establishment began. Successive acts passed by the legislature overthrew completely the old order. All restrictions upon dissenters were removed, church dues were abolished, the glebes were confiscated. In short, a complete separation of Church and State was effected. The clergy, thus deprived of their parish dues, could no longer maintain them-

selves and deserted their congregations by the score. When the war began, there were ninety-one Anglican clergymen in Virginia, at its close but twenty-eight. Throughout the state desolation fell upon the parishes. Churches were closed up and allowed to fall into decay. Many congregations did without worship or went over to the dissenters. The Church which had once commanded the united love and obedience of all Virginia was within its borders almost lifeless.

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## THE DEVIL THAT KNOWS US BEST

He assails our virtue and our peace under many disguises ; but since I have grown acquainted with his character I have called him The Devil that Knows Us Best. His diabolic triumph lies just in this—that he does know us best. At the age when one refuses to believe that a rational world can harbor devils, but is intently preoccupied with that half-fledged thing, one's own soul, I read, and remembered with morbid interest,—

“ Imps in eager caucus  
Raffle for my soul.”

That is not the way of this devil. He waits ; he snaps up bargains ; he gets us cheap.

He first assumed personality for me during an hour meekly and dutifully given to my own profession. Nothing could be farther from the truth than the notion some other demon has disseminated in the world, that whoever withdraws into his professional sanctum—in honest English, whoever is minding his job—is thereby marooned away from “human experience.” Admit a man into any business whatsoever, not absolutely solitary, and you open to his view an endless tragicomedy of human nature—grotesque, diverting, heroic—fleeing and pursuing the world, the flesh, and the devil. Especially if his business ever places him in any assembly of men, from a kirk to a congress, may he hope for rich glimpses of what we call real life. In the way of duty, then, I was present at a gathering of men and women : to wit, a faculty meeting. The question under discussion was whether a group of students who supposed themselves to be philosophical anarchists might be allowed to hold a public meeting and invite a speaker. Grave concern sat on every brow. We felt the foundations of the college shaken beneath our feet. The professor of literature had lent his deep voice, his saturnine presence, his marvelous command of English, to the cause of the opposition. In slow and scornful words he had characterized the folly and the insolence of the request laid before us, and had dismissed it from our notice. The professor of philosophy enveloped the question in silken phrases, from which at length

we disentangled the idea that at any cost, and to all time, he stood for academic freedom. Toward the end of his speech there grew upon me the fancy that I had the gift to see and hear some things to others imperceptible. Gliding about in the more shadowy parts of the room I saw—or chose to think I saw—a person of diminutive stature, whom by degrees I made out to be sleekly dressed, sad and solicitous in countenance. I saw him slipping up to whisper in the ear of certain younger colleagues as they listened, outwardly cold but inwardly sympathetic, to the professor of philosophy. When that master of rhetoric concluded, one of these younger ones, a woman, sat up tensely as if to rise. But the unseen visitor was by her side, muttering, "Your position, your position—you can't afford to risk it." Through the rest of that weary afternoon I diverted myself with this fantasy. The president himself, who was visibly controlling an impulse to surrender the chair and take the floor, seemed the favorite of our visitor. To the president his voice was sometimes "trustees, trustees"; sometimes, "the Wayland money—shall we lose it?" Then in a moment he would be at someone else's shoulder, whispering "the president—the president—what does the president think?" I saw the stern face of the professor of literature grow a shade sterner; presently I caught a flicker of pain in the face of the professor of philosophy. Opposed as they were in every conception, principle, and feeling, I knew the same thought had stung them both—"my influence among the students—have I endangered it?" To the professor of Hebrew, who was known as a hard man, our diabolic visitant spoke a very different language. To him he imparted deadly fears; fears that the youth of our time would grow up godless and lawless, visions of fair countrysides blasted by revolution. For most, however, the whisperer had but three refrains: the president—the trustees—my position, my position, my position. Ostensibly our discussion marched upon a highroad, with peace of mind on certain issues as our goal; but in fact every separate speaker or listener was off in a separate thicket or morass or bypath, goaded by the insistent voice in his ear, or striving to drown it out with brave words of his own; and collectively we reached no place whatever.



Since that day I have never been present at academic deliberations without mischievous reminiscences of the figure my imagination conjured out of the shadows then, and mischievous guesses as to the seed he may still be sowing in secret under cover of our aloof, impersonal discussions. I have not thereby learned to despise my colleagues, nor my equally vulnerable self. If despicable motives were the sole ones through which our friend the devil worked, life would be simple indeed. He has made of our good professor of Hebrew an obstructionist, a man who dares not trust humanity with its own future. But he can do this just because only a noble soul forgets itself in either hopes or fears for humanity. The instructors who tremble for their places are not poltroons. If in that hour of whimsical insight it was given me to understand anything at all, I am sure of that. Some of them, *mutatis mutandis*, were in much the state of mind of the poor clergyman who, having heard Sydney Smith make a vigorous speech for an unpopular cause, just afterwards—so Smith relates—"whispered to me that he was quite of my way of thinking, but had nine children." Suppose he had faced the storm; suppose the nine children had consequently come to want—righteous people in the main would have counted the poor clergyman worse than an infidel. That is the ordinary judgment to-day of the laboring man who involves his family in the hardships incident to a strike. But in the long run it is for the sake of his children that the workingman strikes. Now the teacher who has others dependent on him knows that by his resignation his family has very little to gain and very much to lose. Hence—under whatever provocation of inadequate salary, unjust dismissal of fellow-teachers, or betrayal of the most sacred educational aims—he strikes very seldom. He is afraid rather of a lockout. Rightly or wrongly—very often wrongly—he is afraid lest a too-outspoken championing of minority views should lead to the discovery that he is "not in harmony" with the institution where he has worked. Should he brave the storm and bring down unpleasant consequences on himself and his family, there will be those to call him also worse than an infidel. And if, in face of injustice or strong difference of opinion, he smothers generous and venturesome impulses because a voice is dinning

in his ear, "Your position, your position—your family, your family," he may scarcely know himself whether the voice has been that of his better angel or of his familiar devil.

It is a shallow error, though, to suppose that in his sometimes almost morbid nervousness over his position, the teacher has only salary and material comfort, even for others, in his mind. His position means his chance for work—work that he can do wholeheartedly and therefore well; work that provides use for all the wisdom he may have garnered from books or life; work that puts the salt of sincerity into his dreams and aspirations for humanity at large. These things the devil of inhibition who knows all our stops and plays upon them, divines but too clearly.

As with the teacher, so with the rest of mankind. The bravest turn coward if harried too grievously; and sometimes the means to bring them to this intolerable pass lie in the finest qualities of their nature. We are not speaking, naturally, of the fears evoked in us by outer circumstance—the terror of approaching blindness, the fear of lightning and of fire. There is nothing to be concerned about in the maniac fears that occasionally flit over every mind, such as the fear that one may commit suicide in one's sleep. There is every reason for concern over the sensible timidities of sensible people. A sane man is not afraid that his house will turn into a tumbleweed, or his food into quicksilver. What the sane man is sometimes horribly afraid of is the thing which very probably may happen, which often enough he has seen happening to others. The vision of revolution before which our professor of Hebrew shudders may indeed become a fact. Those who dread dismissal from their positions have already stood by and seen others dismissed. The spirit that stays a man's hand and freezes words on his lips is a spirit born of his own authentic knowledge of the world. It is the spirit—please allow me to think of him as personal—that lurks by turns in the road, attentive to direct our eyes toward risks. It is the Devil of Reasonable Fear.

Take the case of friendship. Before we are twenty we give ourselves in these relations with an almost divine completeness and trust. There is sometimes much folly mingled with this fresh-hearted devotion; but let that pass. By degrees we dis-

cover the mysterious obstacles to perfect truth of intercourse that exist even in candid hearts. We become aware of times and places where our own sympathies run dry. If we are hot-headed and chivalrous, some friendship may go up in the flame of a quarrel about convictions. Perhaps we make bitter acquaintance with the traitorous friend. After that, so far as our natural temper admits, Reasonable Fear has his own way with us. Our approach to a new friendship is broken now by detours and retreats. Very unjustly sometimes, we no longer hazard so much on a single relation.

"He who has suffered shipwreck, fears to sail  
Upon the seas, though with a gentle gale."

The fashion in which we bear ourselves now may not be gallant. But if we flung ourselves upon experience with the abandon of eighteen,—would that be decent?

Sometimes the tempter has as his emissaries a troop of ancestral ghosts. On the way from the cradle to middle life, all but the happiest-born of us learn, reluctantly enough, melancholy facts of family history—the desperate impracticality of the forebear we most resemble, or his incurable sloth, or his old-man-of-the-sea bad luck. Honorable ventures have failed, through some inscrutable flaw in judgment. Is our judgment made of better stuff? Perhaps there simply bursts upon the mind, in a nerveless hour, a realizing sense of the insufferable tameness of our own intellectual and temperamental heritage. Why should we hope to be better than our fathers? Too surely we see the whole trend of events and character pointing toward iteration of the historic failure, or the historic aridness. It may be partly in propitiation of these family ghosts that we celebrate so resolutely occasions wherein kindred of ours have come off fortunately or courageously. We would brace ourselves by identification with all that is valiant or distinguished in our mingled family history, and we would fain slough off all traditions prophetic of weakness.

Yet these are but passing shadows of fear. The ghosts that really block our pathway are those of our own immediate and incommunicable experiences. Through trial of the world and ourselves we learn distrust. We learn not to stake happiness on

the promises of another; some of us better the instruction to the point of throwing our own rectitude away. We fail and are humiliated, and thereafter we need a double portion of strength to enter a second time on the same undertaking. The talents of fifteen simmer down to the mere aptitudes of thirty. One man puts aside vast projects for little duties, till the little duties become the necessary framework of his life, and the vast projects dissolve from his view. Another, having overworked and broken down, thenceforth underworks through fear of a second crash. Limitations seem to close in about us; and not many of us learn so well as we might to transmute them into power. In our envy of the headlong enterprise of youth, we murmur plaintively, *Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait*. But we are only half right. It is the strength of youth that it does not know some things. It is bitter knowledge that has undone us. When duty, or ambition, whispers low, the *youth* replies, "I can"; and in a measure he can, however absurd the venture, because he does not perceive its absurdity.

Of course the stoutheartedness of youth is not so unshaken as we like to think it. For every conceited young rogue who needs to have the wind taken out of his sails, you can find another youth prematurely given over to fears and scruples. Family disaster or disgrace, though children do not express their thoughts about it, leaves on them a more organic, a more formative impression of discouragement than upon their elders. Think what must go on in the mind of a sensitive child whose father is a drunkard, or in prison. Either through such causes, or through the mere zeal of efficient and devoted elders, forever pruning and correcting, or under influences of introspective piety, children may grow up with a constitutional sense that failure, for them, is laid down in the nature of things. It is devil's work—which some of us unwittingly help along—to becloud the rightful sunny confidence of youth. Plainly, the better fortune of young people lies in no certain exemption from dispiriting influences, but in the chance that, though no maturer person can, they *may* escape such influences. But whether the case be that of young or old, the moral situation is the same. It is not instinct, generally speaking, that makes cowards of us, but experience, striking with

fatal sureness at the point where the individual character is most vulnerable.

Similarly, in the realm of those great ideas, philosophical and social, which confound the intellect, and are yet chiefly worth its endeavor, we grow disheartened as we grow older. We learn, if any noble project is devised for enabling human society to fulfil more nearly its ends of justice and fellowship, to shake our heads and sigh, "Not in our time." The nobler the project, the more completely unnerved we seem by proposals to initiate it, even on the smallest scale, in practice. It is no explanation of these facts, and false besides, to say that conservatism, as such, grows on us with advancing years. All in all, youth is as passionately conservative as any period of life. If you think otherwise of youth, try tampering with some of its ritual observances. It is simply that youth, if we have not corrupted it, is undismayed. Youth sees no reason why the citadel that has remained impregnable for ten thousand years should not be taken to-morrow. For the riddle of the universe, or the riddle of the painful earth, a boy or a girl has a solution ready. Yet it is usually a second-hand solution, thoughtlessly accepted. In growing older, a candid-minded person discovers new merits in the most diverse schemes proposed by others; and that is his strength. He discerns the fallacy bound up in schemes he himself has cherished; and that is his weakness. In the degree of his open-mindedness, he is subject to the temptation to despair of any solution. So far as this despair relates to the great mysteries of existence, one can perhaps put them out of mind, or can make shift with some intellectual *modus vivendi*. But if one despairs about the problems of this present world—about poverty, about the war of races and classes, about the triumph of sordid motives and sordid methods—then his life is stripped of interpretation and of purpose,—that is, of religion.

While one voice calls, Lo here, and another, Lo there, those whose pulses clamor for action, heedless whether the action be valuable or not, can choose one voice and follow it to the end without misgiving. Nor is it always troublesome to them to shift allegiance. Reflective natures have to feel their way more quietly. Even those who themselves set going ideas destined to shatter old



systems—even the Luthers and the Darwins—have their hesitations. The rest of us, neither system-makers nor system-breakers, when we perceive the path of independent thought leading to some surprising goal—socialism, agnosticism, the Catholic Church—are prone to draw back in affright. And in these junctures youth is often as craven as middle age. The sin of such low-spiritedness is not only that it makes the individual's life insipid, robbing it of the stinging and the exhilaration of adventure, but also that it is dead weight upon the progress of the world. If the harm stopped with our being deterred by selfish ease, by family and respectability, from acting boldly upon convictions at variance with our traditions, the case would still be bad enough. But the worst is that some of us do not dare go on and arrive at those convictions. A man wakes up suddenly to find himself a potential disciple of some philosophy, socialistic, or anarchistic, or skeptical, which looks as if it might be subversive of all the moral sanctions; and feeling an anxious responsibility for the moral sanctions, he reverts to accepted formulas. Or, it may be, that fear of loneliness which perpetually haunts the human heart, or the fear of giving pain to those who love him, corrupts the thinker. But the horrible fear, the fear that most surely chills and paralyzes our original promptings, is the fear of being fooled. Why should we be right, and so many of the wise and good be in the wrong? To have braved misunderstanding and pain—and after all to be the dupe of one's own reason—

It is an excellent Providence that sweeps the earth clear of each generation in its turn. One is tempted to declare that the race maintains its health and hope by a process comparable with the continual death and renewal of cells in the animal body. Or, to take a more orthodox figure, every new generation is conscript in the warfare against the powers of darkness. Each proves more than half recreant, as its idealistic visions grow fainter and the cost of idealistic action grows plainer; till at length the whole attack must be begun afresh. We can conceive a Power Not Ourselves that Makes for Righteousness and for Growth in Wisdom, dismissing us one by one from the scene, in sheer impatience with our unserviceableness. If we were so made that we could hold fast the wisdom dear-bought

from experience, and yet remain eternally young in our zest for that new venture and new experiment through which progress must come, then we might indeed see the powers of darkness give way. As it is, a very few, with courage and to spare for new quests, are headstrong and petulant, blind to the gains made before their little crusades were thought of. Others—many more—clutch the whole present that they know, evil and good together, with an equal fearfulness of the untried. With this practical fear of the untried goes the intellectual fear of the unknown; the fear of abysmal questions thinly covered by our trim and comfortable creeds. So the progress of our race goes on in halting, perplexed fashion, so the individual life moves lamely; because the demon of prudence, of caution, of plausible fear, has shackled us all. I have called this spirit *The Devil that Knows Us Best*. For each of us falls victim in his own way. Are you loyal? Are you tenderhearted? Are you faithful to your responsibilities? Have you suffered injustice? Has drastic experience taught you common sense? Then through your loyalty, your fellow-feeling, your inescapable obligations, your self-love, your good sense, your enemy will find you out. You shall become wise but no longer original, comprehending more and daring less. With coarse natures the temptation will be coarse; with natures spiritual or keenly intellectual it will be subtle. Deepest irony of all, if anyone escape, we may well ask whether he be not a social outlaw. If you are this devil's cringing slave, you are, more likely than not, a highly respected member of society. You may cower before him, and yet may be a saint. But this is not a world particularly in need of saints. This world needs hearts without fear.

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## SOME MEDIEVAL CHARMS

In Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, at the conclusion of the tournament held to settle the rival claims of Palamon and Arcite to the hand of Emily, we are told that, though none were killed, many were sore hurt, and that one had his breast-bone pierced with a spear.

To othere woundes, and to broken armes,  
Some hadden salves, and some hadden charmes,  
Fermacies of herbes and eek save  
They dronken, for they wolde hir lymes have.

Thus, besides putting salve on their wounds and taking the old woman's remedy, sage tea, these doughty knights had recourse to charms to heal their wounds and save their limbs.

Though it is not always easy to determine just when Chaucer is speaking seriously and when with sly humor he is satirizing the corrupt practices and outworn customs of his day, it seems clear from his own picture of the doctor, the "verray parfit praktisour," that charms were a necessary part of the stock-in-trade of the fourteenth-century physician. Of this doctor, who was one of the famous Canterbury Pilgrims, Chaucer tells us, it is true, that "his studie was but litel on the Bible"; but skeptic as he was, the great weight of church authority which was back of these charms could not be ignored, and the doctor was, besides, too shrewd a practitioner to neglect any means for curing his patients. He even resorted to astrology and magic, and could control the heavenly bodies themselves if an unlucky star happened to be in the ascendant.

How widespread was the practice of employing charms for the cure of all sorts of ailments at this time may be seen from a casual examination of the many and various manuscript collections in the great libraries in London, Oxford, Paris, and Berlin, dating from the eleventh to the sixteenth centuries. In some instances there are preserved whole books of charms, some of convenient size for the pocket, but in earlier days, when parchment was scarce and expensive, precious charms were carefully written on the margins of learned works, such as Bede's History, to serve

the reader in case of need. Originally they were written in Latin exclusively—the language of the Church—sometimes in Greek and Hebrew, but very early they were translated into and composed in the vernacular of various countries of Europe. Nearly always certain Latin words and expressions were retained in order to impress the mind of the ignorant sufferer through their mystifying, awe-inspiring sounds.

The process of applying the charm was very simple and natural. First, as an "epic precedent" a story is related of some heathen god or Christian saint who suffered from sickness or injury similar to that of the patient; then comes the prayer or invocation for aid in this particular case. Just as this god or that saint recovered, so may this man or this woman recover. Though there were, of course, many other formulas for spells and exorcisms through the use of potent names, this was the simplest and commonest form of mediæval charm.

As concrete illustrations of actual charms such as may have been used by wounded knights in Chaucer's day, I have selected from manuscripts of the eleventh to the sixteenth centuries examples for the staunching of blood and for the falling sickness, or epilepsy. With a few exceptions these charms have been already published elsewhere. As might be supposed, the sufferings of Christ occupy the first place in the list of "epic precedents" cited to stop the flow of blood from those wounded with lance or spear, as appears in the following translation of a Latin MS. of the eleventh century in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris:—

#### *For Wounds*

Sing thus: Just as our Lord Jesus Christ was hanging on the cross, His side was pierced by a lance, and it neither suffered nor swelled nor made a sore, so thou too wound neither suffer nor swell nor make a sore. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. And place what medicine you will upon the wound. *Probatum.*<sup>1</sup>

Associated with Christ at the crucifixion, besides the two thieves, Dismas and Gismas (who were always appealed to in charms for the recovery of stolen property), was another charac-

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<sup>1</sup> Translation of this charm and of following charms by the writer.

ter, Longinus, the soldier who thrust his spear into Christ's side and whose name by the thirteenth century is almost always included in the crucifixion charm for the staunching of blood:—

*Pour Saunc Estauncher* (Bodleian MS.)

Nostre seignour fu pris  
et en la croyx fu mis  
longis y vintalui  
et de la launce li feri  
saunc et ewe issi tret  
ses oilx leue et cleir veit  
par la vertu ki deus .l. fist  
conuir les veines et le saunc  
ki ne seine plus audunt.

*To Staunch Blood*

[Our Lord was taken and put on the cross. Longis came thither to Him and struck him with the lance. Blood and water issued forth. He [Longis] raised his eyes and saw clearly. By the power which God showed him, I conjure the veins and the blood that they flow no more.]

As the blood was believed to contain the vital essence (in the book of Genesis the blood of Abel actually cries out to the Lord from the ground), the appeal was made directly to the blood itself, and through the might of God it is ordered to cease its flow.

A somewhat fuller version in English, of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries (likewise in the Bodleian), reads as follows—the language and the spelling here, as in all subsequent examples, being modernized:—

First have the name of the man or woman. Then go to church and say this charm and look thou say it but for man or woman devoutly: "When our Lord Jesus Christ was done on the cross, then Longuis came thither and stang Him with his spear in the side. Blood and water came out at the wound. He [Longuis] wiped his eyes and saw a man through the holy virtue that God showed there. I conjure thee blood, that thou come not out of this Christian man." And name the man his name twice: NN. or her name. "In nomine patris et filii et spiritus sancti. Amen." Say this charm thrice, nor needest thou ever reck who the man or the woman be, so thou know his name or hers.

Later on, this charm was used also for the extraction of spears or of arrows from wounds, and as a further aid recourse was had to Nicodemus, who is believed to have drawn out the nails from



the feet and hands of our Saviour. By this time, too, Longinus has become a Jewish knight, as appears in the following translation of a German charm of the fifteenth century, preserved in the British Museum:—

*The Arrow Charm*

Longinus was a Jewish knight who stuck a spear through the pure side of our Lord Jesus Christ. Nicodemus the Jew pulled the nails out of the hands and feet of our dear Lord Jesus Christ. As true as these words are, so truly may this arrow go out.

The Longinus charm was employed not merely to cure wounds, but also to protect against all injuries from steel or iron or weapons of any sort, as may be seen from the following translation of a mediæval German *Waffensegen*:—

O Lord God, Protect me now  
Through the holy spear's blow  
Which Longinus through thy side thrust  
When thy holy heart within thee burst;  
And protect me too the blood  
That through thy very wounds then flowed,  
That all my enemies from me may flee  
And all weapons harmless to me be;  
Of all iron and of steel the cut  
Safe away from me be put,  
Just as our Lady her virginity kept  
When God Himself within her slept.<sup>3</sup>

From this element of invulnerability some scholars are led to infer a connection with the Balder myth. Though the direct relation does not appear to be well established, the basis is doubtless the same; namely, that the blood of one who is invulnerable could protect from injury all whom it touches, a widespread belief among primitive folk and strangely anticipative of the modern immunity theory.

According to Langland (*Piers Plowman*, passus 18, 88 ff.), Longinus (or Longeus, as he is there called) was blind from his youth, and when Christ was crucified, Longeus was the only one that dared joust with Him (an interesting parallel to Balder and the blind Höder). When he pierced Christ's side with his spear

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<sup>3</sup> For the original see "Blut-und Wundsegen in ihrer Entwicklung dargestellt," von Oskar Ebermann. *Palaestra* (Berlin), XXIV, p. 52.

the blood ran down the shaft and miraculously unsealed his eyes; whereupon he fell on his knees and begged forgiveness of the Saviour, declaring that he had wounded Him against his will.<sup>3</sup> In the Coventry Plays Longinus is a favorite figure and excuses himself for his brutal conduct by saying that the Jews made him rave and that he was out of his wits. The name Longeus, or Longinus, seems to have been derived from the Greek word λόγχη, a spear, in John xix, 34, and the whole story was woven from a very slender thread. In the narrative of the crucifixion as given by John, the King James version reads: "But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came out blood and water. And he that saw it bare record and his record is true." The Vulgate has it: "Et qui vidit, testimonium perhibuit et verum est ejus testimonium." Through a mistake in the translation the pronoun *qui* was referred, not to John, but to the soldier, who *saw*, and hence must have been blind hitherto.

This story, which is given in full in the *Legende Aurea*, owes its currency to the apocryphal book of Nicodemus, or The Acts of Pilate, dating from the middle of the fourth century, the Anglo-Saxon prose version of which belongs to the middle of the eleventh century. Thus it is one of the oldest of the Christian legends, and was widely circulated on the Continent and in England for many centuries. Even to this day the figure of the Roman Knight Longinus may be seen in the Black Forest on the highway, standing on one side of the crucified Christ with Christopher holding the infant Saviour in his arms, on the other. A portion of the very spear Longinus used is preserved to this day in St. Peter's in Rome, and is exhibited to the faithful with great pomp and ceremony on St. Longinus Day, March 15.

The Longinus legend is often attached to another independent story, both used as a sort of cumulative charm for staunching blood, and that is the Tres Boni Fratres, or the Three Good Brothers. An Oxford MS. of the fifteenth century contains the following example: —

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<sup>3</sup> A similar miracle is told of St. Christopher. See Furnivall, *Lives of the Saints*, p. 219.

*This is the Orison that Our Lord Made for Wounds*

In nomine patris et filii et spiritus sancti. Amen. When God went on earth He met three good brethren, and Christ said to them: "Ye three good brethren, whither go ye?" "We go to gather herbs for stroke, for blood, for swelling, for point [of weapon], for wounds, and for all achings." "Three good brethren, swear to me by the crucifix and by the milk of the Maiden that you conceal nothing and say nothing and that ye take no reward. And go to the Mount Olivet and take oil of olives and wool of a black sheep and lay to the wound and say thrice: 'Just as Longuis pitched the spear in the side of our Lord Jesus Christ, and that holy wound swelled not, nor boiled not, nor stank not, by that holy wound I conjure thee that ye swell not and that ye cause me no dread and that ye do no harm to this man or to this woman.' " In nomine patris, etc. Pater noster. This prayer shall be said the first day thrice; the second day thrice, and the third day once, and the sickness shall go out of the man. And he shall take no manner of meat or drink. And the wool with oil shall be laid on the wound when he is charmed.

The use of olive oil in this charm recalls the well-known fact that in the Middle Ages, and indeed until late in the sixteenth century, the universal treatment of wounds was by the application of hot oil.<sup>4</sup> In one version of this charm the direction is: "Lay this wool aforesaid with hot oil as he may suffer it that is wounded."

An interesting variant of this charm, still extant among the Irish, is given by Lady Wilde in her *Ancient Legends, Mystic Charms and Superstitions of Ireland*:—

*For a Pain in the Side*

"God save you, my three brothers, God save you! And how far have ye to go, my three brothers?" "To the Mount of Olivet, to bring back gold for a cup to hold the tears of Christ." "Go, then! Gather the gold, and may the tears of Christ fall on it, and thou wilt be cured, both body and soul."

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<sup>4</sup> Ambrose Paré (1509-1590) discovered by accident that hot oil was valueless in the treatment of wounds. He was the first to use the ligature, and is called the "father of modern surgery."

Instead of the three good brothers, we often find three knights, or three apostles, or three evangelists, or three good women, especially three Marys: —

*Another for Bleeding* (Bodleian MS.)

Christ that died on the rood,  
And on the cross shed His blood,  
There came three angels that were good,  
With three chalices to receive His blood.

Christ Jesus, for thy bitter passion stay thou the blood of N.  
Say this thrice with a pater noster, ave, and creed.

*Bleeding to Staunch* (Bodleian MS.)

There went three Marys by the way. The first said, "Stay, blood, a God's name." The second said, "Staunch, blood, a God's name." The third said, "Stop, blood, a God's name, and bleed no more." Say this thrice with three pater nosters, three aves, and one creed. Fiat.

Here we have to do with an independent charm of the three women, based on Mark xvi, 1: "Mary Magdalene, and Mary the Mother of Jesus, and Salome brought spices that they might come and anoint him."

One of the most striking features of the foregoing Longinus charm and of the Three Good Brothers, as well as of many other charms, is the frequently recurring alliterative or rhyming formula, common in the early Latin charms and, of course, characteristic of the early Germanic versions: —

Nec putruit, nec doluit, nec guttam fecit.  
Nec dolorem, nec ardorem, nec calorem, nec tempestatem habuit.  
Si geswal noch geswar.  
That wond worked not, rotted not, festered not, rankled not.

All of which reminds us of the wound of Beowulf, that began to "swelan ond swellan." But perhaps the best example of such alliterating groups appears in the Anglo-Saxon charm for the water-elf disease: —

Swa benne ne burnon ne burston,  
ne fundian, ne feologan,  
ne hoppettan, ne wund waco sian,  
ne dolh diopian.

[So the wounds may neither burn nor burst,  
nor get worse, nor grow foul,  
nor throb, nor be soft wounds,  
nor deep gashes.]

Another brief charm based on Christ's crucifixion appears in a MS. dating from the beginning of the fifteenth century, and seems to have developed independently of the Longinus formula:—

Stand fast; lie as Christ did  
When He was crucified upon the tree;  
Blood, remain up in the veins  
As Christ did in all His pains.

That garrulous diarist, Samuel Pepys, tells us that at the close of the year 1664, in looking over all his papers and books with a view to "tear out that I found either boyish or not to be worth keeping, or fit to be seen, if it should please God to take me away suddenly," he discovered certain notes which he regarded as worthy of preservation: "Ages of my grandfather's children," "Their children's ages," and "Charms,"—one "For stenching blood," in Latin, identical with the English one given above; and another for "Thorne":—

Christ was of a Virgin born  
And he was prickèd with a thorn;  
And it did neither bell nor swell;  
And I trust in Jesus this never will.

These charms evidently formed part of a large collection, of which he showed a few specimens to that "good scholler and sober man," Mr. Brisband.

Still another extensive group of charms used to stop the flow of blood is based on the legend that when Christ was baptized in the River Jordan the water stood still during the whole ceremony. And as the water stood still then, so may the blood of this man or of this woman stand still and stop running. The earliest example of this charm is found in a Vatican Latin MS. of the ninth and tenth centuries:—

Christ and holy St. John were walking to the River Jordan. Said Christ to St. John: "Stop, River Jordan." Immediately the River Jordan stopped. So may the veins in



this man cease to flow. In nomine patris, etc.—(Ebermann, p. 24.)

Here is a fair charm in English (fifteenth century Cambridge MS.):—

Jesus Christ was in Bethlehem born,  
And baptized in the River Jordan,  
Stood the water on the stone,  
Stand the blood of this man,—

N., thy servant, through the virtue of the holy name, Jesus Christ, and of thy cousin, sweet St. John. And say this charm five times, with five pater noster, in the worship of the five wounds.

Another (Bodleian MS.):—

God that was born in the borough of Bethlehem,  
And baptized in the water of flem [river] Jordan,  
The water was both wild and wood [mad],  
The child was both meek and good;  
He blessed the flood and still it stood.  
With the same blessing that he blessed the flood,  
I do bless the blood by the virtue of the child so good.

And say five aves and one creed.

Thus during the baptismal ceremony, according to the legend, Christ either blessed the water or commanded it to stand still, and in some instances,—based doubtless on the incident of Moses striking the Red Sea with his rod in order to make a path for the Israelites,—Christ struck the water with a rod to make its flow to cease.

Later on, this Jordan charm was applied to the extinguishing of fire, to the stopping of hostile pursuers, and sometimes even to the conjuring of venomous serpents, as in a modern Bohemian version:—

Stand, cursed snake, just as the water in the Jordan stood when the holy John baptized our Lord Jesus Christ. Hence I conjure you by the living God that thou stand and give up thy poison. In the name of the Father, etc. Amen.—(Ebermann, p. 34.)

In the charms for the falling sickness, or epilepsy, we find that the epic precedent here deals with the story of the Three

Wise Men, or the Three Kings, who came from the East, led by the Star to the birthplace of our Saviour (Bodleian MS., seventeenth century): —

Gaspar with his myrrh began  
The presents to unfold,  
When Melchior brought in frankincense  
And Balthazar brought in gold.  
Now he that of these holy kings  
The names about shall bear,  
The falling evil by grace of Christ  
Shall never need to fear.

As a rule, the recital of this charm was accompanied by various prayers and religious exercises, besides certain mummary intended to impress the mind of the patient. A good example may be seen in the following, taken from a Cambridge MS. of the fifteenth century: —

*For the Falling Evil*

Take the blood of the little finger of the right hand that is sick, and write the three names in parchment with blood ✠ Jaspar ✠ Melchior ✠ Balthazar ✠ and let close it and hang it about his neck that is sick, and ere thou close it, put therein gold and myrrh and frankincense, of each a little, and bid him that hath the evil bless himself when he riseth from his bed every day with the three names, and say for their fathers' souls and their mothers' three pater nosters and one ave, and every day for one month drink the root of peony with stale ale, and he shall be whole surely. And if it be a child that is innocent, draw blood of the same finger aforesaid and write the three kings' names in a basin with blood and wash with ale and milk and let the child drink it and he shall be whole.

As a further strengthening of this charm, the parchment on which were written the names of the Three Kings was touched to the heads of the holy bodies preserved in Cologne Cathedral. The *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1749 reported that this charm was discovered in the linen purse of Jackson, the murderer and smuggler, who had been condemned to be hanged, and who, only a few hours after sentence had been pronounced, died in prison, and thus escaped the gallows. On the parchment was written in Latin: "The three holy Kings, Gaspar, Melchior, Balthazar, pray for me now and in the hour of death." Then in French is

added: "This charm has touched the three heads of the Holy Kings in Cologne. It is good for travelers and protects against all dangers of the way, pains in the head, falling sickness, fever, sorcery, every sort of evil, and sudden death."

The earliest document containing the traditional names of the three Kings,—Gaspar (Jaspar), Melchior, and Balthazar,—is a chronicle in barbarous Latin of the seventh or eighth century. Neither in the Gospel narrative nor in very early tradition were they spoken of as kings or as magicians, though they were later invested with magical or supernatural powers. The word "Magoi" in Matthew ii is to be interpreted as meaning Magians, members of a priestly caste among the Medes, whose religion, fundamentally that of Zoroaster, forbade sorcery. The Gospel narrative omits any mention as to the exact number and there is no certain tradition in the matter. Some church fathers speak of three. In the Orient, tradition favors twelve. A painting in the cemetery of Sts. Peter and Marcellinus shows two, another painting shows four, and still another eight. By the seventh century, among the Latins the number was fixed at three and the names with slight variations were as given above. The whole tradition seems to have developed out of Psalms lxxi, 10: "The Kings of Tharsis and the islands shall offer presents, the Kings of the Arabians and of Saba shall bring gifts and all the earth shall adore him." Thus Jaspar is made King of Taars, or Tarsis, and offers myrrh; Melchior, King of Nubia and Arabia, and offers gold; Balthazar, King of Godolia and Saba, and offers incense. But in the charms this order is by no means invariable. The Feast of the Epiphany, January 6, is sacred to the Three Kings, being the day on which Our Lord was first made manifest to the Wise Men of the East, and in Cologne, where the supposed remains of the Three Kings rest, their memory is celebrated with special pomp. According to the legend, on their return home they were baptized by Saint Thomas and wrought much for the spread of Christ's gospel. Melchior died first, on the first of January, being one hundred and sixteen years old; on the Feast of the Epiphany Jaspar died at the age of one hundred and twelve; and last of all Balthazar passed away, aged one hundred and nine. Saint Helena discovered their remains and brought

them to Constantinople, whence they were transferred to Milan, Italy, and finally to Cologne in 1163.

The connection of the Three Kings with the falling sickness is not quite so obvious as that of Longinus with the charm for staunching blood. And yet these Wise Men from the East, according to one account, slept for several centuries and then reappeared in Ireland to continue their good works. Doubtless their ability thus to recover from so long a trance gave them control over such temporary suspension of the faculties as takes place in epilepsy. Or more probably they are appealed to by virtue of their supposed powers as magicians. At all events we have here to do with a somewhat different type of charm from those cited to stop the flow of blood. Here the names have virtue in themselves if merely carried on the person. In ancient times the names of rulers or of gods were invested with mystery and sanctity and power, so much so that among the ancient Hebrews it was strictly forbidden to refer to the Deity by name.

Yet the principle in both types of charms is the same: To work upon the patient by means of suggestion. Thus it was but a slight step from the use of such well-known and awe-inspiring names to the use of any unknown and mysterious words or symbols. And so the *Hoc est corpus* of the priest at mass became the *hocus pocus* formula of the professional mountebank. Indeed, Professor Muensterberg in his *Psychology and Life* (p. 248) goes so far as to assert: "To murmur the Greek alphabet with the touching intonation and gesture of supplication is just as strengthening for the health as the sublimest prayer. . . . It is not the solemn value of the religious revelation nor the ethical and metaphysical bearing of the objects, which brings success, but solely the depth of the emotion." Though agreeing with the principle Professor Muensterberg lays down, most of us would be inclined to qualify his "just as strengthening" to "almost as strengthening, among ignorant people," and his "solely" to "chiefly."

From the examples given, the principle on which charms work, or at least a very large number of them, is clearly what the modern psychologists call auto-suggestion. The patient is induced to see a likeness or analogy between his own case and that of others in which the trouble has been abated, and through mental

suggestion is thus led to take part in his own cure. In some instances images are held up before the patient's eyes so as to aid his recovery by a similar process of sympathetic magic, as in the case of the brazen serpent in the wilderness (Numbers xxi, 8) and the golden emerods and golden mice (1 Samuel, vi, 5). The untrained mind, says Professor Mark Baldwin, "in its imperfect judgments by analogy raises the *post hoc* to the *propter hoc*." It is thus a very primitive and childish process, and from our point of view both foolish and irrational in its interpretation of the simplest facts of life. And yet to our forefathers of the Middle Ages this world of actuality which we can see and feel and smell and hear was but a small thing indeed compared with the unseen world peopled with good and evil spirits, the evil ones ever on the watch to shoot out their arrows against them, causing disease, and even lying in wait to enter their very bodies and take possession of them as well as of their souls. Thus vision and reality, fact and fiction, were strangely mingled in their minds and lives and profoundly affected their every thought and slightest action.

Is it any wonder, then, that these charms, with their curious compound of religion and legend, of heathen rite and Christian prayer, and their foolish jumble of words, should have played so important a part in the lives of the folk of mediæval times? A bread pill prescribed by one's family physician and taken with all good faith in his medical skill may and often does work wonders in cases of hysteria and hypochondria. And thus much of the modern faith-healing and psycho-therapy is based on the same process of auto-suggestion, which takes advantage of just such a confused mental condition. We no longer believe that by making a wax image of a man and melting it we can cause him to wither away and die, but we are all of us powerfully affected by this same process of analogy in thought and speech and action. Our greater scientific knowledge and our ability to relate effects to their proper causes prompt us, not to use such processes for unrighteous ends, as was doubtless too often the case in early days, but to control and direct them to a more complete restoration of mind and body.

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## THE ITALIAN LYRICS OF SIDNEY'S ARCADIA

### I

It has always seemed a strange thing that the great literature of seventeenth-century England should have received its earliest, strongest, and most durable impulse and influence from the decaying and retrograde literature of seventeenth-century Italy. Ariosto (1533) and Tasso (1575) may be said to have belonged to this period; but what were both these men, and Boiardo and Pulci, but second-rate poets and inventors compared with the men of the great age,—not only its three greatest figures, but the less-known writers of the “dolce stil” nuovo,” the organizers and cultivators of a new literature? The implication contained in this sentence is not a personally original remark, for De Marchi in *Nuova Antologia*, July, 1895, in an article on the influence of the Italian lyric upon the English lyric, writes:—

[This literature] “si rifece del Petrarchismo o dell’ arcadia senza anima. In Inglese dove quelle ispirazione erano nuove, e il genio nazionale vergine e robusta, esse furono le ispiratrici di una lirica viva e crearono una costante, e ancor duratura, simpatia tra la lirica inglese e l’ antica lirica italiana.”

There is one thing worth remarking here:—it was the ancient Italian lyric that had the constant and strongest effect on the English lyrics. It is an interesting fact that in this, the best of Italian influenced the best of English. Although this Italian critic believes that the vast body of his country’s already completed literature must have affected the budding English literary spirit without so direct a transference, this immediate contact was made first by Sir Thomas Wyatt. But it is surprising that a man in Italy, as Wyatt was, should have brought back to England so little of the glory of the country he had visited. Venice and Rome,—think what those two cities should mean to a man of the liberal soul, and high poetic spirit! Yet Wyatt seems to have been entirely unmoved by the past glory of Italy, by her romance, by her contemporary beauty of scenery, by her cities, by her buildings, by her art. Nor did the true greatness

of literature appeal any more strongly to him; with a chance to have carried back so much, to have translated such beautiful things, what did he do? He collected the Penitential Psalms of Alamanni, and, in addition,—to sum up at once the extent of his drawings on Italian poetry,—translated from Petrarch two sonnets and one canzone, took from Aquilana one strambotto, from Alamanni he took the XII satire addressed to Tomaso Sertini, which reappears as the advice to Pointz concerning courtly life. The minor correspondences in his works to lesser Italian authors are many, and although hardly enough to base assertions on of borrowing or translating, they are surely reminiscent. Such, for instance, is this one between two lines of a barzelletta of Serafino's,—

Fui serrato nel dolore.  
Ha, ha, ha, men rido tanto  
Ch'io son vivo e son di fuori.—

and Wyatt's —

But Ha, ha, ha, full well is me  
For I am now at liberty.

Of Wyatt's great contribution to English literature, the introduction of the sonnet, we shall speak later, after having considered the various Italian verse forms.

The lists given by various Italian metrists do not all correspond, but the one given by Murari is comprehensive enough for our purpose:—

*I. Narrative Metres—*

- a—Sirventese—Terza-Rima,
- b—Ottava Rima, Nona Rima, Sesta Rima,
- c—Endecasillabo sciolto (B.V.)

*II. Lyric Metres—*

*1—Literary—*

- a—Canzone, Sestina lirica,  
Canzonetta, Ode.
- b—Sonnet.

*2—Semi-literary (litterario popolari)—*

- a—Canzone a ballo, laude sacra,
- b—Madrigal.

*3—Popular—*

- a—Strambotto, Rispetti,
- b—Stornelli.

III. *Dramatic Metres*—

1. in sacred dramas,
2. in popular dramas,
3. in pastoral dramas,
4. in melodrama.

The metres that require consideration here are *Terza Rima*, *Ottava Rima*, *Sesta Rima*, *Sestina*, *Madrigal*, *Strambotto*, *Canzone*, *Sonnet*.

The *sirventese*, an importation into Italian from the Provençal, soon lost its rules, but preserved its general character. The integral part was a quatrain composed of three hendecasyllabic lines running together, with a shorter line of a different rhyme. This short line might be the concluding line of the quatrain, or it might be the third line, but in every case, its concluding word gave the rhyme to the three rhyming words of the following quatrain:—

A A b a B B c B C C  
A A A b B B B c C C

From this interlined scheme came the *terza rima*, with its familiar form, a b a b c b c d c—. Neither of the Italian metrists whom I have consulted mentions the use of this metre any earlier than Dante, but in Nannuci's "*Manuale della Letteratura del Primo Secolo*" I find a work ascribed to Brunetto Latini, but in all probability not his, written in *terza rima*. The poem is in ten books (*Il Pataffio*). The greatest master of this form was of course Dante, but he had a few worthy imitators in Petrarca, *Trionfi*, Boccaccio, *Amorosa Visione*, Uberti, *Ditamondo*, Fred. Fiezzi, *Quadriregio*. With the triumph of the *ottava rima* in Pulci, Boiardo, and Ariosto the *terza rima* fell into disuse. It was revived by Vincenzo Monti (1754-1828) in *Bassevilliana*, but has never been in general use since its masters set a standard for it that others can never hope to attain.

The origin of *ottava rima* must certainly have been the popular *strambotto* taken up by literary writers and made a stable form. The form of the *strambotto* is the same as that of *ottava rima*. There is a general concurrence of authors that both come from Sicily.

The strambotto in its earliest form was a stanza of eight lines alternately rhymed, a b a b a b a b. This form has come down in verses undoubtedly strambotti, and in the works of accredited litterateurs, in which second case it becomes called "*Ottava Rima*." But another form is also found, and so often that its presence is said to be (by some) the distinguishing mark of the strambotto. This is a concluding couplet. The *ottava rima*, as we are used to it, consists of a stanza arranged thus, a b a b a b c c, but other arrangements are found in Italian. We find this same placing of rhymes in stanzas called strambotti, and another scheme, in which the last quatrain is of two couplets, thus, a b a b c c d d. It is only necessary to remember one thing about both these forms,—the generally occurring concluding couplet; but this one fact must be carried over to the later consideration of the sonnet, and the phenomenon of its change when it came into English. I feel further justified in linking these two forms together, since Murari says that the *ottava rima* was perfected by Angelo Poliziano (1454-95), and also, in another place, that among the first to adopt and use the strambotto was Poliziano. After Ariosto (1474-1533) and Tasso (1544-75) had made it their own, few others even approached them. Several tried, among them Tassoni (1565-1635) and Marini (1569-1625), but the form was after them an extinct one, despite the attempts of Alfieri, Monti, and Leopardi to revive it.

As to subject-matter, there may be some difference between the two. The *ottava rima* is applied to the stanza of a long poem, dealing with narrative; the strambotto is a short poem dealing generally with love. But even here, according to Carducci, there is a further difference. He says that the strambotto treats of love, but "*piu del capriccio che della passione, riserbato all' amore leggiro, all' ironia e all' irrisone*."

In Tuscany even the form was modified. In one direction it was shortened to six lines (*sesta rima*), in the other was extended to ten. Its first change made the Tuscan *sestina*; its latter modification surely had some influence in the understanding that foreigners had of the sonnet.

The *sesta rima* needs but little attention. It is certainly from the *ottava rima* or the strambotto. It is also called *sestina*,—a

misuse of a word which means a very definite thing, and something entirely different from a six-line stanza. There are examples of its use from the fourteenth century,—but it has never been much used by men of note. It seems to have filled at times a fitting place in the treatment of less dignified subjects that could be embodied in the ottava; for instance, Giusti (1809-50) used it in a poem on *Lo Stivale*.

The sestina is as clearly a fixed kind of poem in Italian as is the ballade in French, and although to English ears it is not so beautiful as the French form, with its strongly marked recurring identical sounds and its concluding line, it is certainly as capable of as high finish and effect in Italian. Many people meet their first sestina in Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, though the poem is not a true sestina.

As is generally known, the sestina is composed of six stanzas; no two lines of each stanza rhyme together. The second stanza must end its lines with the same words used in the first, but arranged in a different order:—

1 2 3 4 5 6  
6 1 5 2 4 3, etc.

There is a tercet added (called by some an envoi, but not strictly such) in which all six words of the verses are used. The form was not originally Italian, but was borrowed from the Provence poet, Arnaldo Daniello. It has always been popular in the Peninsula. Dante and Petrarch used it continually, as have all their successors, such as Bembo and Sannazaro.

There is but one modified form of this that I know,—the double sestina, consisting of twelve verses, so that the progression of lines is gone through twice. The concluding stanza is the same as that of the simple sestina.

The madrigal depends for recognition as much on its matter as on its form. It is fairly generally accepted that the madrigal should treat of some pastoral, rural, or country subject, and that it should be short. Its original form was based on a combination of tercines closed by a couplet. The earlier combinations were simple, but Petrarch (who handled this form very skilfully) made of it a thing of beauty, woven together almost as closely as



is the true sonnet. In the first and second madrigals of his collection *In Vita* the sense sweeps on majestically until the concluding couplet gathers it all into one impressive end. On the first of these Alfieri noted, "Questa Canzone e divina: sarebbe un' ottava, se non fosse il quinto verso" (Pet., p. 52). He secured this effect by interlinking his tercets as the terza rima does. To three usual schemes of rhymes that he found before him, Petrarch in his collection added four more, all of which depend on this principle. It should be a matter of regret that such a beautiful form, capable as it was even under such restrictions, should have lost all its limiting rules before it came into English, but it was soon changed. As early as the fourteenth century short lines were introduced, soon so-called madrigals were written with all the lines shorter than the hendecasyllabic; it was not long before the basic construction of tercines was lost, and any short song might be called a madrigal.

The canzone, although it is not Italian in origin,—having been introduced from the Provençal,—is, after the sonnet, the most distinctively Italian poem, in its spirit, in its handling, in its general use, in its history, in its continuance. Even in Dante's time the capabilities of this form were not only unconsciously exploited by Guido Guinçelli, Fra Guittone, but were recognized by Dante himself, who calls it, in *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, the "highest form of poetical composition." No Italian poet has failed to express in some way a beautiful thought or feeling in the canzone,—it is as much a form in the literature of to-day as it was when Dante himself wrote *Il Convito*. As in the other forms, the genius of Petrarch stands out in this, marking him off from all his followers. He did not allow himself to be tied by the rules of his predecessors, but although he did write canzoni of the ordinary type,—with regulated stanzas and the usual envoi,—in many cases he did something strikingly new, and wonderfully beautiful, as in Canzone XV *In Vita*, where every stanza begins "Si'l dissi mai," and where the envoi is replaced by a tender conclusion, "Per Rachel ho servato, e non per Lia."

According to the Italians there are many kinds of canzoni,—the names alone in this connection will be sufficient:—

*Canzone Petrarchisca*,—whose divisions and construction will be examined a little later.

*Canzone Pindarica*,—strophe, antistrophe, epode.

*Canzone Libera*.

*Canzone Leopardiana*,—involved scheme.

*Canzonetta*.

*Ode*.

*Anacreontica*,—this came in later.

*Discordo*.

Just a word concerning the theoretical construction of the canzone. Each stanza was divided into two parts:—

$$\text{Stanza} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Fronte} \\ \text{Sirima} \end{array} \right. \left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{1. piede} \\ \text{2. piede} \end{array} \right\} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{1. volta} \\ \text{2. volta} \end{array} \right\} \text{chiave}$$

At the ends of these divisions there was supposed to be always a pause in the sense and in the reading. The two main divisions were linked together at the chiave by identity of rhyme. This definite structure was not always observed before Petrarch,—in many of the earlier canzoni it is very hard to determine such parts, and many lines have no rhymes at all.

For the bearing on a favorite practice of Sidney, a few lines from a canzone by Guido Cavalcanti may be quoted here:—

Se m' ha del tutto obliato *mercede*,  
 Già pero *fede*—il cor non *abbandona*,  
 Anzi *ragiona*—di servire a *grato*  
 al *dispietato*—core.

This is not the usual internal rhyme, but is a peculiar system of rhyming the middle of one line with the end of the one just preceding,—a very delicate adornment in some of Sidney's longer lyrics.

We arrive now, finally, at the sonnet. Too much has been written concerning the origin of this form to even summarize it here. It has even been ascribed to Germanic origins! Some assert that it is only a borrowing from the Provençal, while others declare that, though the name was used in Provence, it there was "ad indicare diverse specie di forme poetiche," and that the

form itself is purely Italian. Guarnerio points out an interesting relation between the canzone and the sonnet. The stanza of a canzone might consist of any number of lines from seven to twenty-one; very often a single stanza was used as a poem. Not to draw the deduction of origin, it is a striking fact that the parts of the sonnet correspond exactly to those of the canzone:—

Fronte to Octave  
Sirima to Sestet  
Piede to Quatrains  
Volte to Tercets.

Refraining from saying anything about the Italian sonneteers, I desire to say a few words about the forms of the sonnet. Although after reading the introduction to Leigh Hunt's *Book* one is shocked to find in Petrarch such a violation of form as a concluding couplet, one soon learns to expect any rhyme scheme at all in Italian,—except one,—that form which is now recognized as the so-called English sonnet, but which certainly should be called "quatorzaine." Very early the octave had two forms, the schema incatenata, a b a b a b a b, and the schema incrociata, a b b a a b b a, but there are five other variations, all of which, however, depend on two rhymes alone:—

a b a b b a b a  
a b a b a b b a  
a b b a a b a b  
a b a b b a a b (Petrarch, *Morte*, 27; *Vita*, 156)  
a b b b b a a a (G. Cavalcanti)

There was no rule against using B rhymes in the sestet, but there was one reigning principle, that was never violated,—that, whatever the rhymes and their scheme, both tercets should be bound together. If there was a concluding couplet, as we find in Petrarch, it must be bound to the preceding four lines by some such arrangements as this,—c d d d c c (*Morte*, 63). This question of the ending is very important, in view of the sonnet's transfer to England. De Marchi says, "nel sonnetto il centro di gravità venne a spostarsi verso la terzina, o il distice o il verso finale—sentenza, o epigramma o chiave all' concettoso espresso dai versi precedenti."

The bearing of this on the sonnet at its introduction into English is apparent,—the weight of the stress laid on the concluding lines, led the Englishman (Wyatt) not to see any reason why this should not be a separate couplet from the preceding. Working to the same end was the strambotto, which, no matter what the construction of its opening lines, always ended in a couplet. That this latter had an influence is conclusively proved for me by these facts—that Wyatt has one sonnet, a b a b a b a b a b a b c c; and Surrey has three such of his thirteen.

The usual form of the Wyatt sonnet, however, is ab ba ab ba cd d c e e in which, though the octava is strongly bound together, the succeeding quatrain is connected neither with it nor with the following couplet. So, instead of the usual single stop (after the octave) we have here two stops, an additional one after the twelfth line that throws the couplet off by itself, but it has one other effect, that of forcing the third quatrain to be linked with the preceding. When this was done we have the ordinary English form, ab ab cd cd ef ef gg. There is no such form as this found in Italian (*v. Biadene*). But to return. The sonnet in Italy manifested itself in many modifications, some of which are important, as all of them are interesting. Among these involved forms are the sonnetto doppio, where a three-stress line is introduced, in each part of the poem (*Dante Vita Nuova*, VII) also called rinterzato. There is also the sonnetto minore, composed of lines shorter than eleven syllables.

Cino da Pistoia has many examples of the sonnetto comune and mixto, composed of lines of alternately five and three stress. In the sonnetto continuo (*v. Cino*) the rhyme, or rhymes, of the octave are carried into the sestet. In the sonnetto rimalmezzo there is a rhyme in the middle of lines corresponding to the line preceding. (*v. Guinelli*.) The sonnetto caudato (ritornellato) explains itself,—after the fourteen lines was added some couplet, terzine, quatrain, etc.

Besides its use as a complete poem in itself, the sonnet in Italy soon was used as a stanzaic form. The simplest use is in a practice called Tenzoni, in which one poet would write a "proposto," which would call forth a "risposto" in identical rhymes from some other poet. So we have the series of Dante and

Cino da Pistoia; of Dante and Guido Cavalcanti. A more artistic use was in the "Contrasti," where succeeding sonnets are assigned to the lover and his mistress (Dante, *Vita Nuova*). The serie o corone dei sonnetti is different from the cycle, for although all the sonnets of Petrarch are a cycle, only three of them form a true serie or corona, the 26-28, *In Vita*. These treat of the absence and return of Laura, illustrating the fact that to merit the name the sonnets included must relate to one another very closely, treating all the same topic. Of the acrostics, etc., there is no need to speak.

This hasty attempt at a comprehensive view of those metres, which by origin, adaption, or use, are considered distinctively Italian, places us in a position to take up Sidney's lyrics. But before we do this, it may not be inappropriate to say something of the models of the *Arcadia*.

The ultimate original of the Arcadian romance was the *Arcadia* of Sannazaro, Naples, 1504. The form entered Spain by way of Portugal, for the Italian was followed by Bernardino Ribeiro (1524) in a work, *Menina e Moca*. And this is the indisputable model of the *Diana Enamorado* of the Portuguese Jorge de Montemor (Montemayor). The probable date of its first edition is 1558-9 (Fitz-Maurice Kelly, *Letteratura Española*). That there must be some relation between this last-named romance and Sidney's *Arcadia* is apparent to the merest observer, who turns over the pages of both. But, of course, their very evident relation and connection have been worked out by a number of investigators. We shall consider very briefly the lyrics included in Sannazaro and Montemayor.

Compared with its two longer imitations, Sannazaro's *Arcadia* appears amateurish in plan, for after a certain amount of narrative, in nearly all cases equal, and labeled *Prosa Ottava*, there follows some verse, also duly numbered *Egloga Settima*. But these metrical interpolations do have an intimate connection with the text; they are always introduced for a specific purpose. Ergasto, instead of taking part in the festivities of the shepherds, lies under a tree, as though he were made of stone. Selvaggio, moved to wonder and compassion, addresses him singing. Thus is introduced the *Egloga Prima*, a dialogue in terza rima



and blank verse. Several of the poems are particularly beautiful and dainty. One sestina describes the coming of night, the shepherd's thoughts of his mistress, and somewhat contrary to one's expectations, his calm satisfaction at the knowledge that she also loves him. A canzone which describes the typical Arcadian landscape is redeemed from triteness by several little touches as,—

Among the clustering thorns  
The ripening grape appears,

and —

Mentre li vivi fonti  
Correran mormorando  
Ne l'alto mar, che con amor li accoglie.

Although there are many things in the poems themselves that are of worth, there is not much metrical variety among them,—with one exception, the second, where in a poem of about one hundred lines six varying metres are employed. Most of the eclogues are in terza rima, rather skilfully handled, too, for the light pastoral subjects. It would appear that the author did make some attempt at variety in the early part of the book, but then decided to depend entirely on the terza rima, for eclogues 8 to 12 are all in this measure, whether soliloquy, as is the eleventh, dialogue, or conversation of three persons.

The two sestinas (4 and 7) are different from each other. One (7) is the usual sestina of six stanzas, but the other is the double sestina of twelve stanzas, so that the changes of position are gone through twice.

Rather surprisingly, there are but two canzoni (Ec. 3 and 5). Both of them are composed of lines of varying length, with those of three and five-stress predominating. The stanzas are readily divisible into the prescribed parts, while the chiave is here most skilfully divided between lines of five and three stress.

Eclogues 1 and 2 are the most elaborate. The first begins in terza rima, changes to blank verse, but finishes in terza rima. The second, however, is much more complicated. It is a dialogue between Montano and Uranio, who begin to talk in terza rima. Soon, however, a long paragraph assigned to one speaker very naturally invites blank verse. After terza rima has been employed again for a few replies, the most effective measure of all is used,

a corona of five-line stanzas. The mere form of this gives opportunities for the most musical of verse,—the long line at the end of each stanza being repeated at the beginning of the following one gives an effect not very unlike Spenser's concluding Alexandrine:—

Per pianto la mia carne si distilla,  
Si come al sol la neve,  
O' com' al vento si disfa la nebbia,  
Ne so che far mi debbia,  
Hor pensate al mio mal, qual esser deve.

Hor pensate al mio mal, qual esser deve,  
Che come cera al fuoco,  
O come foco in acqua mi disfaccio,  
Ne cerco uscir del laccio,  
Si m'e dolce il tormento, e'l pianger gioco.

But the beauty of the sound of these lines is not enough to redeem them from the worst kind of triteness, for all the thoughts are the most pronounced Petrarchism (these very same expressions occur in the sonnets) and they are even older, for nearly every one of them can be found in the writers of the "dolce stil nuovo," and even earlier, among the Sicilian poets of the court of Frederic II.

The *Diana* of Montemayor is a great advance over the Italian romance, in form at least. There is more freedom and independence in introducing the verses, and more variety among them. Sannazaro may have considered that the sonnet was not suited to appear in a pastoral, but I can see no reason why he did not once make use of a madrigal.

Montemayor appears to have placed himself under no restrictions of kinds of metre. The prevailing stanza is one of eight lines, rhymed generally in the enclosed manner; but this is not universal. As the four-stress verse is most natural to Spanish, of course most of the lines are of this length, but there are several poems in three and five-stress lines. There are also poems of five-line stanzas, of seven-line stanzas, of nine line and dizains, and although many of these forms appear later in Sidney, we cannot call them Italian forms. The real Italian forms in the *Diana*, however, are four,—terza rima, cancion, sonnet, sestina. The four terza rima poems are handled surprisingly well for a foreign metre; in most of them the double ending is employed,

but one,—an apparent tour de force,—has triple rhymes. The general tone of them all may be gathered from the opening lines of the last one, “si lagrymas no pueden ablandarte Cruel pastora, que hara mi canto?”

There are two canciones, one in the regular Italian form, the other shorter, more like the prevalent irregular Spanish forms. The three sestinas are, one double, with an envoi beginning “Cancion,” which shows at once the Italian influence whose practice was to call the sestina “canzone” in the commiato, and two simple ones. One of these contains a conceit that is worth quoting:—

Si hebras de oro son vuestros cabellos  
A cuyo sombre estan los claros ojos  
Dos soles cuyo cielo es vuestra fruente  
Falto rubi para hazer la boca  
Falto el crystal para el hermoso cuello,  
Falto diamante para el blanco pecho.

The five sonnets require but a word. They are all of one form, strictly Italian,—ab ba ab ba c d e c d e.

## II

As we have in Sidney's life, a “parfit gentil knight” we have in the *Arcadia* a perfect poet. The collection of lyrics included between its opening lines,—

What length of verse can serve brave Mopsa good to show,  
When virtues strange, and beauties such as no man then may know?  
Thus shrewdly burdened then, how can my muse escape?  
The gods must helpe, and precious things must serve to shew her shape.

and the concluding sonnet, Musidorus' Song on Death,—

Since Nature's works be good, and Death doth serve  
As Nature's work, why should we feare to die,  
Since feare is vain, but when it may preserve,  
Why should we feare that which we cannot flie?

Fear is more pain, than is the pain it fears,  
Disarming human minds of native might;  
While each conceit an ugly figure beares,  
Which were not evil, well-viewed in reason's light,

Our only eyes, which dim'd with passions be  
And scarce discern the dawne of coming day  
Let them be cleared and now begin to see  
Our life is but a step in dustie way;  
Then let us hold the blisse of peaceful mind,  
Since this we feel, great loss we cannot find;—

there is some of the best poetry to be found outside the Elizabethan dramatists. The limits of this paper, however, confine it more strictly to matters of form; but I must add that it was Sidney's mastership of form, and ease and fluency of writing in any form he chose, that make him so charming to read. The value of his thoughts, in addition to the beauties of his language, comes later, on account of the peculiar constructions, elisions, that he so often employs.

Those forms that are distinctively Italian are the following: madrigal, six-line stanza (*sesta rima*), *sestina canzone*, *strambotto* (called once by Sidney "octave"), *terza rima*, sonnets. Any mention of *dizaine*, and *douzaine*, of which there are many examples, belongs to a consideration of French forms.

Some regret was expressed in the earlier part of this paper that the madrigal, such a thing of beauty in Petrarch, should have lost its rules and basic construction even in Italian, so that any short irregular song might be so called. The madrigal as improved by this poet partook of the same quality that makes the *terza rima* so beautiful a medium in Italian, on its construction of *terzines*, bound together by interlinking rhyme. As already stated, these two facts give opportunities to make of the madrigal as highly finished a cameo as the sonnet is a miniature. But its capabilities were lost when its form was changed.

In all the lyrics of the *Arcadia*, there is but one that is called a madrigal. It has fifteen lines of various lengths, bound together by interlinked rhymes. An Italian would call it a *canzonetta*, composed of but one stanza, for it answers perfectly to the character of such a composition:—

Why dost thou haste away,  
O Titan fair, the giver of the day?  
Is it to carry news  
To western nights what starres in east appear?  
Or dost thou think that here  
Is left a sun, whose beames thy place may use?  
Yet stay, and well peruse  
What be her gifts, that make her equal thee;  
Bend all thy light to see  
In earthly clothes enclosed a heavenly sparke.  
Thy running course cannot such beauties marke.  
No, no, thy motions be  
Hastened from us, with bar of shadow darke;  
Because that thou, the author of our sight,  
Disdain'st, we see thee stained with others' light. (p. 354)

The six-line stanza mentioned before as a modification of the ottava rima, wrongly called sometimes the Tuscan sestina, is used somewhat extensively by Sidney. In the *Arcadia* there are six examples of it. These vary in length from a short poem of two stanzas to the long tale by Nico, that is so much like a tale from Boccaccio. In nearly all the shorter forms the stanzas are printed continuously, in which case the stanza is not felt to be marked off so strongly;—the concluding couplet is a welcome break to the uniformly rhymed quatrains. In the long tale, the stanzas are separated. All employ the five-stress line, sometimes with masculine, sometimes with feminine endings, except one of two stanzas. "Dametas on the Gittern" is in octasyllabics. Not only is it in form decidedly Italian, but it is packed with those playful conceits or changes on words that marked the servile followers of the greatest lyrist in Italian, a practice that has cast a shadow on the fame of the master by its being called Petrarchism. There is just as much reason for calling it Anglicanism, or Elizabethanism, for it certainly was as present and important a feature of the Queen's poets as it ever was of Italian ones:—

O hatefull cure with hate to heale,  
A bloody helpe with blood to save,  
A foolish thing with fools to deale;  
Let him be bobd who bobs will have.  
    But who by meanes of wisdom hie,  
    Hath saved his charge? It is even I.  
Let others decke their pride with skarres,  
And of their wounds make brave lame shows;  
First let them die, then passe the starres,  
When rotten Fame will tell their blows;  
But eye from blade, and eare from crie,  
    Who hath saved all? It is even I. (p. 206)

Another example may bring out this same characteristic in a poem, in this same measure. The stanza is an amplification of a preceding couplet:—

And witness am how ill agree in one  
A woman's hand with constant marble stone.  
My words full weake, the marble full of might,  
My words in store, the marble all alone,  
My words blacke inke, the marble kindly white,  
My words unseene, the marble still in sight,  
May witness heare how ill agree in one  
A woman's hand, with constant marble stone.



Here is another trick of style, that is peculiar to one famous Italian, Tasso. The repetition of the first words of a line through (as in some instances) several stanzas, is a feature that is not only apparent to an English reader of Tasso, but is the principal feature commented on by writers of Italian literary history. The thing is glaringly artificial,—but it is just one of those things which would impress a contemporary who was in search for every quality that might be considered an embellishment to verse.

There are two subjects that Sidney has treated most successfully in this kind of metre,—The Story of Cupid, written in a half scornful, half playful manner, and rural poesie. This latter describes a beauty, using, however, only homely country similes,—cruddes, hay, sheep, etc. Had Sidney written no metre but this alone, his skill would have proved him a master. To the subjects already mentioned, another must be added, the tale of Nico (*Arcadia*, 377-80). Here is told a tale that is like one from Boccaccio, in which a man who loves another's wife makes her "chumpish" husband act as go-between to acquaint the lady with his desires. About it Grosart says, "there are such touches of circumstance and of individuality in the description of the courtier as to lead to the supposition that it may have been based on some scandalous story of those times." The two opening stanzas will indicate the character of both verse and story:—

A neighbor mine not long ago there was,  
 (But nameless he, for blameless shall he be)  
 That married had a trick and bonny lasse  
 As in a summer day a man might see;  
     But he himself a foul unhandsome grome,  
     And far unfit to hold so good a room.  
 Now, whether moved with self unworthiness,  
 Or with her beauty, fit to make a pray,  
 Fell jealousy did so his braine oppress,  
 That if he absent were but half a day,  
     He guest the worst, (you wot what is the worst)  
     And in himself new doubting causes nurst.

Of the three sestinas, the two simple ones are better than the twelve-stanza double one. They are all in sound peculiarly like Italian sestinas, for all of them use the feminine ending.

The lamenting dialogue of Klaius and Strephon (double sestina), although perfectly easy reading, is somewhat spoiled by

the use of a number of hyperbolical tropes that were almost trite by Sidney's time. The sestina "Farewell" is peculiar in introducing rhyme into each stanza. The words chosen to end the stanzas are, *light, pleasure, might, treasure, direction, affection*, so that the first stanza is a quatrain plus a couplet, but as the words pass through their regular rotation, the rhyming words occupy varying places, now following immediately, now separated by the entire stanza. This is a feature of great beauty, while the handling of the thought is so managed that the idea rises in intensity until the envoi is a direct but passionate farewell:—

Farewell, O sun, Arcadia's clearest light,  
Farewell, O pearl, the poor man's plenteous treasure  
Farewell, O golden staffe, the weak man's might;  
Farewell, O joy, the joyfull's only pleasure,  
Wisdom, farewell, the skillless man's direction  
Farewell, with thee farewell, all our affection.

For what place now is left for our affection,  
Now that of purest lamp is quencht the light  
Which to our darkened minds was best direction?  
Now that the mind is lost of all our treasure;  
Now death hath swallowed up our worldly pleasure,  
We orphans made, void of all public might.

Most of the longer poems use a readily recognizable stanza, so that they are not canzoni, in the strict sense. At first one might believe there was none in the collection, but on closer examination, one lyric proved to be such a composition, although very much disguised. Printed continuously, there is no clue to stanza,—after failing to determine stanzas of 13, 18, 20, 22 lines I found that each stanza consisted of twenty-six lines with a concluding stanza, a true envoi of twenty-two lines, which is unmistakable, as it begins "My song, climb thou the wind."

The form is a particularly interesting one; Italian metrists say the stanza may contain from seven to twenty lines, while Dante mentions one in twenty-one lines. The only thing one could decide by was the rhyme scheme, which, however, regularly repeats its complicated structure through all of the five strophes. Labeled "A Country Song," it is a lament of the lad Philisides for his Myra.

The strambotto has been mentioned as having been known to

Wyatt; in fact, he translated one. In Italian, during the early part of the Seicento, Poliziano had made the form a real work of art, distinct from the ottava rima, which it became when used in continuous narrative poetry. The Italian minor poetry is unknown to me, but my opinion and feeling are that the little stanza (*Arcadia*, p. 338) headed "An Octave by Gynecia" may be a translation or a paraphrase from the Italian. It certainly has in it several features of that spirit and diction that characterized the imitators of Petrarch:—

Like those sick folks in whom strange humors flow,  
Can taste no sweets, the soure only please ;  
So to my mind, while passions daily grow,  
Whose fiery chains upon his freedom seize,  
Joys strangers seem, I cannot bide their show,  
Nor brooke ought else but well-acquainted woe ;  
Bitter grieve tastes me best, pain is my ease ;  
Sicke to the death, still loving my disease.

Skilful as Sidney shows himself in the forms we have already considered, varied in form, and beautiful in thought and expression as are his sonnets, the real power of the poet is clearly revealed in his handling of the terza rima. Few in English have been able to use this metre at all well. In fact, it is hardly considered to be an English metre, and no poet composes in it spontaneously. It is the metre in which, of course, every translator of Dante would like to render the sombre Florentine, but the best renditions,—those of Cary and Longfellow,—depend on the partial success in repeating the thoughts, with the sacrifice of the music. Byron has rendered the fifth Canto ("Paolo and Francesca") in halting terza-rima with very bad rhymes. Leigh Hunt, in his *Stories from the Italian Poets*, has translated this and other cantos in fair terza rima, while Dugdale has attempted the whole *Cantiche* in the same measure, not succeeding very well. Wyatt wrote some few poems in the same metre. But the first poet, and seemingly, the only poet, who wrote well and beautifully in it, was Sidney. His lines in this measure are a proof that English can adopt any metre and make it its own, if developed by such masters. Not only are the rhymes always well chosen, perfect and clear, but the sense is unimpeded, not cramped by the length of the line, not bound by

the demands of the interlinked rhyme, but running along as easily as blank verse should. No subject is beyond successful treatment in these lines,—from rebukes to fighting dogs, to recommendations to marriage; from dialogues of praise to songs of lamentations. Strangely enough, the characteristic feminine ending of Italian is not a fitting conclusion to the line in English, and those terza rima lines of Sidney that are most pleasing to the ear are those in which the masculine ending occurs. This is due to a variety of very evident causes.

As a sample of this verse may be quoted the first speech from the dialogue of Plangus and Basilius:—

Alas, how long this pilgrimage doth last!  
What greater ills have now the heavens in store,  
To couple coming harms with sorrows past!  
Long since my voice is hoarse and throat is sore  
With cries to skies and curses to the ground;  
But more I plaine, I feel my woes the more.  
Oh, where was first that cruel cunning found,  
To frame of earth a vessel of the mind,  
Where it should be to self destruction bound?  
What needed so high sprites such mansions blind;  
Or, wrapt in flesh, what do they here obtain  
But glorious name of wretched human kind?  
Balles to the stars, and thrall to Fortune's reign,  
Turned from themselves, infected with their cage,  
When death is feared and life is held with pain.  
Like players, placed to fill a filthy stage,  
Where change of thought one fool to other shows,  
And all but jests, save only Sorrow's rage.  
The child feels that, the man that feeling knows,  
Which cries first born,—the presage of his life,  
Where wit but serves to have true taste of woes,  
A shop of shame, a book where blots be rife,  
This body is; this body so composed,  
As in itself to nourish mortal strife;  
So divers be the elements disposed,  
In this weak work, that it can never be  
Made uniform to any state reposed.  
Grief only makes his wretched state to see  
(Even like a top, which naught but whipping moves)  
This man, this talking beast, this walking tree.  
Grief is the stone which finest judgment proves;  
For who grieves not hath but a blockish braine,  
Since cause of grief no cause from life removes.

One of the things mentioned in connection with Sannazaro's *Arcadia* was his use of terza rima with other metres in two eclogues. Sidney does the same thing in several instances. In a

dialogue of Dicus and Dorus the metre, after seventy-two lines of terza rima, passes into five-stress lines rhymed in threes and twos (rimalmezzo) printed out full. At line 107 terza rima is again employed, and so until the end. In another poem this same change is made, later a six-line stanza (a b a b c c) is introduced; the poem finishes in terza-rima. A few lines will serve to show how Sidney uses the Italian ornament of rimalmezzo (*cf.* Guido Cavalcanti):—

If I had thought to hear blasphemous words  
My heart to swords, my soul to hell have sold  
I rather would, than thus mine ears defile  
With words so vile, which viler breath doth breed.  
O, herds, take heed, for I a wolf have found  
Who hunting round, the strongest for to kill,  
His breast doth fill with earth of others' woe.

Another very interesting and well-contrasted combination is with Alexandrine couplets, in which each tercine of the terza rima is allotted to a speaker. Best of all, is the "Song of Lamentation" (*Arcadia*, p. 427) written in stanzas of from twelve to twenty-one lines, each ending:—

Your doleful times, sweet Muses, now apply.

There remain to be considered now the sonnets. As is to be expected, there are more examples of this form than of any other, and Sidney has used almost as many various modifications as he has written sonnets.

The few sonnets from the *Arcadia* that are known from being in collections are the best, because most distinctively English in both feeling and form. They are not the ones that are important in our purpose, so we will consider those that appear to be merely bizarre, while in reality they simply follow Italian models.

The so-called Petrarchism finds examples in a hundred lines of these sonnets,—“outward force and inward treason” are contrasted; there is the old dialogue of the eyes and heart recriminating each other for allowing Love to pass and dwell within; “The eyes have played so false a part,” the ideas of love, die, burn; of having a store, yet wanting,—all these things occur in the sonnets as well as in many of the other poems.

Some of the forms themselves, however, are the most wonder-



ful and difficult that a poet could imagine for his medium. They are so ingenious that any idea of them can be secured only from reading them. The first one uses but two rhymes throughout, but with a varied arrangement that breaks the monotony of others where such a small detail is not carried out,—a b a b b a b a a b b a b b. The one on Aurora is even more ingenious. Here, not only are there but two rhymes in the twelve lines, but every other time that a rhyme occurs it is same word. The concluding couplet is a perfect rime-riche.

The sonnet sung by "Zelmane in Love Gloom" contains but two rhymes, effected by repeating but two words, "darke" and "light":—

Since that the stormy rage of passions darke—  
Of passions darke, made darke by beauties light,—  
With rebell force hath clos'd in dungeon darke  
My mind, ere now led forth by reason's light;—  
Since all the things which give my eyes their light  
Doe foster still the fruites of fancies darke,  
So that the windowes of my inward light  
Doe serve to make my inward powers darke.  
Since, as I say, both mind and senses darke  
Are hurt, not helpt, with piercing of the light;  
While that the light may show the horrors darke,  
But cannot make resolved darkness light;  
I like this place, where at the least the darke  
May keep my thoughts from thought of wonted light.

But most skilful of all is the sonnet in which all the lines end in words rhyming with "bright":—

How is my sun, whose beams are shining bright  
Become the cause of my darke ougly night!  
Or how do I, captived in this dark plight,  
Bewaile the case, and in the cause delight!  
My mangled mind huge horrors still do fright  
With sense possest and claimed by reason's right;  
Betwixt which two in one I have this fight,  
Where, whoso wins, I put myself to flight.  
Come cloudie fears, close up my dazzled sight;  
Sorrows, suck up the marrow of my might;  
Due sighes, blow out all sparks of joyfull light;  
Tyre on, Despaire, upon my tyred sprite.  
An end, an end my dulled pen cannot write  
Nor mazed head think, nor faltring tongue recite.

If a remark that was quoted from the article by De Marchi be remembered, it becomes at once evident that all these complicated and unusual forms are directly referable to the Italian literature of the Cinque Cento; thoughts were failing, and a poet who

wanted to do something attractive, not having the fountain of beauty in himself, worked out conceits and intricate, unusual forms. De Marchi declares that the conclusion of a sonnet became only an epigram, a clue, or a solution to the extravagant conceits expressed in the preceding lines. Certainly, these last sonnets that have been quoted from Sidney are of exactly the same kind.

Some Italian principles he applied to other forms. The corona was distinctly Italian, beautiful in effect, a true poetical ornament to a poem. There is no instance in Sidney of its use in any Italian form of stanza, but he does use it with a French form. In the *Arcadia* (p. 221) is a poem designated by the text itself as "a dizaine," which "was answered unto him in that kind of verse which is called the crowne." As was pointed out in a quotation from Sannazaro, the effect of this repeated last line of each stanza at the opening of the succeeding one, is capable of the most beautiful effects. Used as in both the instances by the Italian and the Englishman in a dialogue, the effect is analogous to the antiphonal chanting of a choir.

In the handling of this, as in the handling of all other matters of form and style, Sidney proves himself a master. Attention here has been paid generally only to the form of the lyrics, but a hundred touches, lines, turns of phrase, styles of thought, are reminiscent of some verse, stanza, thought in Italian, or parallel. The whole atmosphere of the *Arcadia* is Italian, and it seems especially so to one who turns to it after having been in the Italian *Arcadia* of Sannazaro and "En los campos de la principal y antigua ciudad de Leon, ribera del rio Ezla" of the Spanish Montemayor. It is the kind of thought, the taste, and mode of expression of Sidney more than anything else, that make him the best of Italianate Englishmen. There is an æstheticism about these poems, an artistic feeling, an appreciation of the beautiful and a love for its manifold manifestations that place Sidney in the class with the artists of the only country who, up to this time, had produced artists, Italy,—the Italy of the moral Dante, the story-telling Boccaccio, and the lyrist Petrarch.

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## A COUNTRY CHILD

### I. DINNER

The south window is full of geraniums. There is the sill, and there is the shelf above it. The leaves are big and green, and all turned toward the window-panes, as if they were trying to look out. The sill and shelf are broad, and there are so many leaves we can hardly see up the road to the church. The sun shines through wherever it can, and makes bright places on the floor.

The floor isn't quite dry yet. It smells the way it always does when it is mopping day. There is a big fire in the kitchen stove, and dinner will soon be ready. Bertha has the plates and things all on. She is our hired girl.

My mother's face is red. She says to Bertha: "I declare! if it keeps on gettin' warm, we'll soon have to move the stove out into the woodshed. S'posin' you pull down that curtain."

Bertha gives two or three pulls on the cord that makes the curtain go up and down. The curtain is almost as green as the leaves. There are little holes and torn places in it, and the sun shining through makes them bright and warm-looking. Some of them are so big that the light shines through on to the geraniums and on to the floor.

My mother opens the oven door and takes something out. Now I smell baked beans and Indian pudding instead of the floor. Bertha begins to mash the potatoes. She keeps talking about how much the men eat. She says: "Seems 's if you never *could* get 'em filled up. They eat as though they'd never seen vittles before in all their lives."

My mother goes out to the woodshed door, and calls them to dinner. She says: "Din-ner-r-!" She makes the last part high and long, and I like it. I try to set some of the chairs around. I don't wear dresses any more.

I hear them coming, and I run to open the woodshed door. My father comes in first, and then August and Christian, and then my brother. It is Saturday, so my brother doesn't have to go to school. August and Christian are our hired men. They

throw their hats down on the floor, under the geraniums. Their boots and pants look dusty. They are putting in the wheat this week.

My father goes to the sink and washes. The others stand near the geraniums until he gets through, and then they wash, too. They take water out of the rain-water pail with the dipper, and when they are through they go to the woodshed door with the washdish and throw the water out. Christian makes a great noise blowing and snuffing when he is at the sink. Before my brother washes, he has to pump the pail full of water again. The pump always has to have a little poured in first, or it won't pump.

My mother says to my brother: "Now, see that you get the dirt off your hands before you wipe them on my towel!"

My brother says: "Aw, you needn't be so 'fraid o' your old towel. I won't hurt it."

We all sit down at the table. Bertha helps me into my high-chair. I sit between her and my mother. I have a pewter plate with letters and numbers all around the side. I know the letters, and I can count. I know lots of states and capitals, too, and I can read little words.

My father passes things, and my mother pours the cups full of coffee. We are all hungry. No one says very much, except Bertha. She always talks a great deal, and sometimes my father sniffs. He says she contradicts herself. August and Christian don't say anything at all. They take big mouthfuls, and drink their coffee in gulps with loud noises. When Christian sits down to dinner, he always lets out his belt.

We all have a second helping, and the men pass their cups for more coffee. Then my mother dishes the Indian pudding. Mine is soon gone, and I ask for more.

My father says: "What! more? Gracious me! who ever saw such a boy to eat?" My father's hair and whiskers are gray. He doesn't have a moustache. My mother's hair is black, and her eyes are almost blue.

The men push back from the table. My mother says to me: "Before they go, run in and get your pictures again. Christian and August ain't seen them yet."

I bring the pictures from the front room. My father brought them from the village yesterday afternoon. I have a dimpled chin and long curls, and am sitting on a nice chair with tassels and fringe on the arms. The fringe is fastened on with big, shiny tacks.

Christian says: "Ay mos' say dese ban pooty gude picturs. Dey lookin' yoost like yu." He begins to buckle up his belt tighter.

My mother says: "Run and get your real little baby picture, in the parlor, and let's see whether you have changed."

I have to run against the parlor door with my hands out, to get it open. I get the album from the stand. We all look at the baby picture. I have a little red dress on, and my arms are bare. My cheeks are so fat they stick out, and my eyes are round and black and shiny, and I have hardly any hair.

We all laugh, and then look at the other picture. August says: "All bot' o' dem iss mighda fine. Ain'd ut, Bert'a? De best vhat I efer seen alretty yet."

August and Christian get up and get a drink out of the well-water pail in the sink. Then they stand by the geraniums and get out their tobacco-boxes and take a chew. They stoop over and pick up their old slouch hats, and go out. The hats are all stained and dusty.

My father goes into the front room and sits down in his rocking-chair by the west window, and begins to read the *Patriot*. I set the chairs back, and go outdoors. My mother and Bertha clear the table, and my mother comes and shakes the cloth out of the woodshed door. The neighbors up the road can always tell when we are through dinner, because they can see the cloth.

They begin to wash dishes. I can hear the clashing and splashing, and Bertha talking, and once in a while my mother singing.

## II. THE CIRCUS

My brother says: "Darn it! I wisht they'd begin. Seems 's if we'd been waitin' 'bout an hour."

We are sitting on a board seat in a great, big, light place, with tall poles and ropes everywhere, and cloth instead of ceiling and walls. My father and mother and Bertha are all here.



I have never seen so many people before, but my brother says: "Hmf! you ought to seen 'em last year." He starts to tell me about it, but just then there is a big noise, and he says: "There! now they're comin'. Now you watch! You're goin' to see a lot o' ponies and animals and things."

There are so many things to look at that I can't keep track of them all. My brother keeps telling me about everything, but I don't understand half the things that go by. Bertha keeps talking all the time, too. I like the big red-and-yellow wagons with the dressed-up people in them best, until the elephants and camels come along. The animals all look just like the ones in my A B C book.

Pretty soon a lady climbs away up among the poles and ropes and begins to swing. Her neck and arms and feet are white, and the rest is pink. My brother says that is because she has tights on. My mother says her hair is done up in a French twist. It makes me dizzy to watch her. I am afraid she will fall.

Pretty soon, all of a sudden the lady lets go. I give a big jump. I think she is falling, but almost before I can say "Oh!" she catches hold of another ring and begins to go up and down some more. Pretty soon she drops again, only this time she turns over. I jump worse than before. Every time she goes flying through the air I am so scared I don't know what to do. I am afraid I'll have to cry. She always catches the other swing just in time, but I dread to have her let go.

My brother says: "Aw, you needn't worry about *her*! They got a net under *there*. *She'll* never get hurt, even if she does fall."

My seat isn't comfortable. Besides, there is somebody in front of me so big that I can't see what the clowns down there in the ring are going to do. My father takes me in his lap.

My brother says: "Now, watch! One o' the clowns is goin' to shoot the other one out o' the cannon. See it, over there?"

It doesn't look like the cannon in my picture book. It is bigger, and has shiny bands around it. I am afraid it will hurt the clown, but I remember the lady and the net, and think that maybe they know how to keep him from getting hurt, too.

Bertha says: "Oh, there'll be some trick about it, you can depend on it. Land o' goshen! what won't they do to earn a little money? Just see how silly they look!"

The clown makes us a low bow. Then he goes into the cannon head first. He is all white clothes and frills, and his face is all white and red splotches. The other clown stands there. His face looks as if he were laughing all the time.

My brother looks at me and says: "What you got your mouth open so far for? It's your *eyes* you *see* with."

My father laughs. He puts his hand under my chin and presses it up till my teeth come together. He says: "Tell him not to worry about you. Tell him 't you don't go to the circus every day, and 't you're going to take in all you can while you got a chance."

The other clown lights a match. We can see it blaze up, even if it is so far away. Everybody is as still as can be. The clown reaches out with the match. There is a puff of light where his hand is, and at the same time a big puff of light and smoke at the other end of the cannon, without much noise, and out flies the clown, and stands there bounding up and down and bowing, only his white clothes and frills are gone, and he is all black and smoky. We all jump when the cannon goes off, and then everybody laughs and claps hands. When I see them, I begin to clap, too.

After everything is over, my father takes me by the hand and we climb down the seats to the ground. Then he picks me up. There is a terrible crowd, and it takes a long time to get to the door of the tent.

When we get outside, my father looks at my head, and says: "I guess you better put your hat on now, hadn't you?" Then he looks at my hands. He says: "Why! ain't you got your hat?" He turns around and says to my mother: "Ma, have you got his hat?"

My mother says: "Why, no! I wa' n't looking after his hat. I s'posed o' course you and he had it."

I am surprised. I thought I had my hat all the time, but it is gone. It was a new straw hat, with blue in it, and it had a ribbon. I feel so bad I begin to cry.

My father turns around. He shakes his head. There are ever so many people behind us. He says: "No! no use tryin' to go back in *this* crowd. We'd *never* get home." He starts on again. He says: "An' somebody's picked it up by this time, too, as like as not. Guess better let it go."

I begin to cry again. My father says: "There, there! never mind. It's gettin' on towards fall, anyway, and you couldn't wear it much longer."

When we get to the light wagon and get in, my mother holds me. We are soon out of the Village, away from the houses. My mother fixes me between her and Bertha, so I can put my head on her lap. The horses trot along a while, and then walk up a long hill. I feel awfully sorry about my straw hat.

It takes a long time to get to the top of the hill. Every little while my father shakes the lines and says to the horses, "Come! come! come!" or "Gck! gck! gck!" or else he whistles. We are going between some woods, and it is pitch dark, except when I turn my head and look up at the sky. We are all so tired that nobody says anything. The horses' feet and the wheels are all the noise there is.

My brother is in the front seat with my father. Pretty soon I hear him say: "*I'm* goin' to lay down on the bottom." Then I hear my father say, "Come! come! come!" again. The horses' feet begin to go faster. I know we are going down hill. I hear the wheels rumble, and feel them. My mother puts a corner of her shawl over my head. The horses go, *Trot-trot-trot-trot . . . trot-trot-trot-trot . . . trot-trot-trot-trot . . .* My hat is back there where all the people were. I keep hearing the horses go, *Trot-trot-trot-trot . . . trot-trot-trot-trot . . . trot-trot-trot-trot . . .*

### III. MORNING

I seem to be coming up a long, long way from somewhere out of something. I open my eyes, and see the ceiling and the walls of the upstairs room. There are bars and patches of sunshine on them, and every now and then they move. I hear a flapping noise that makes me think of the curtain. Then I remember where I am. The curtain is what makes the light move.

The bed is soft and warm. It is quite a while before I think

of my straw hat. I feel as sorry as I did last night. I don't know what we are going to do about it.

I roll over. The bedcords make a noise. The light is on the coverlet, too. I lie and think about the hat. Pretty soon I remember what my father said about it being almost fall, and that makes me feel better.

I hear the stair door open. I know my mother is holding it, and listening to see whether I am awake. She must have heard the bedcords. I make them creak a little more, so she will know. Pretty soon she calls: "Break-fa-a-ast!" It is just the way she calls the men to dinner, only not so loud. She calls twice, and the second time is like an echo. I can tell from the way it sounds that she likes me.

I say: "Mm-hm!" I know I needn't hurry. After a while I roll over to the edge of the bed and slip out on to the floor. I go out into the hallway and past the door of the big room, where they have the dances, to the head of the stairway. My feet make thumping noises on the rag carpet in my room and on the oilcloth in the hallway.

When I get to the head of the stairs, there is a little window. I stop and look out. I can see the barn and the straw-stack and the orchard. A long way beyond them all is the big marsh where the trains go, and then woods, and then hills and the sky.

The little window makes it light, and I notice my night dress. It is thin and white, with little green and yellow leaves on it, like the leaves and blossoms of the gooseberry bushes out by the garden. When I start downstairs my feet make two thumping noises on every step. The steps are so high for me that I have to put both feet on every one.

My mother is dusting the chairs. She has something white on her head, and is humming "The Sweet By and By." She stops just long enough to say, "Hello, Buggie!" and then goes on humming. I run across the floor to the bedroom and put my things on, and come out for her to finish the buttons.

My mother says: "Well, go out and eat your breakfast, and then come back again. It's all ready for you, on the table. Bertha 'll help you into your high-chair, if you want her to."

While I am eating my bread and butter and drinking my milk  
I can hear my mother dusting and humming. When she gets  
to the chorus, she always begins to sing:—

“In the swee-e-et  
By and by-y,  
We shall mee-ee-eet on that beau-u-u-tiful sho-o-ore—.”

I go in and stand there while my mother finishes the dusting. The carpet is all swept clean, and the door and windows are open. The air makes my cheeks cool. She has got as far as the secretary, and that is always the last. The secretary is brown and shiny. It has three drawers, and a writing-desk that unfolds on top of them, and a part over the desk for paper and books and everything. The glass doors of the book part have soft, green curtains behind them, gathered into folds. They are bright and shiny, and always make me want to touch them.

Just as my mother finishes the secretary, the clock strikes nine. It is a tall clock, with a looking-glass in the door, and it stands on a shelf. It says, *Dong—dong—dong—dong* . . . .

My mother comes and puts her hand on the side of my face and neck, and says: “It was pretty late getting home last night, for a little boy, wasn’t it? And, dear me! you lost your hat, didn’t you?” I don’t know what to say. She says: “But I guess you got your sleep out, so we won’t worry about the hat.”

I say: “Wouldn’t they save it for us?”

My mother laughs a little. She says: “Well, I guess ’t ain’t very likely, with all *that* crowd o’ people!” She sits down. I stand by her knee. She says: “Well, I suppose you’ll want to read a little in your Primer before you go outdoors, won’t you? All right! bring it here.”

I go to the table and get the Primer off the pile of books on top of the dictionary. It is green, with a picture on the cover, and lots of pictures inside. The picture on the cover is of a little boy under a tree, reading a book. He looks like a good little boy.

My mother lifts me on to her knee, and says: “Let’s see! where did you stop last time? Oh, yes! here it is. It’s the naughty old fox. Well, go ahead!”

I begin to read:—



"See the sly fox.  
He has an old hen.  
He can eat the hen.  
Is the fox shy too?  
Oh, see how he can run!  
Now he can run off to his den."

My mother sets me down, and says: "All right! now you can run along."

I say: "No, I want to read some more." I turn over the page. There are four pictures on it.

My mother says: "Oh, pshaw!" She lifts me up again. She says: "Well, if you want to, read another page."

I read: —

"See my big dog.  
He can run at the pig.  
See the old ape.  
He has a nut to eat.  
The cow is in the lot.  
She may eat the hay."

Then there is a picture of two little girls with a box. I read: —

"Ann has a new box.  
She has a pin in her box.  
Ann, let me see the pin.  
Now you can put it in the box."

My mother says: "There! I guess that ought to be enough. Run along!"

#### IV. THE EXHIBITION

My father locks the door and hangs the key up on the thermometer. We all go down the path to the road, and turn south toward the church. They are going to have an exhibition, and then a supper. Johnnie and Steve are going to be something in the exhibition.

We go past Steve's on the way up. He lives where the hill begins. He is one of the big boys, and goes with my brother, and they always have a hole in the straw-stack after threshing. They crawl in there and eat apples.

The church is on top of the hill. You can see farther from there than from anywhere. You can see across our house and Uncle Anthony's and the depot, over to Grandpa Tyler's and up

to the north burying-ground. It is all snow and dark now, but I keep thinking how it looks in summer, when the leaves are out.

We all sit in one seat. The church is warm and bright, and full of people. They have a curtain stretched across where the pulpit is. When they sing, or anybody speaks a piece, they pull half the curtain to one side, and half to the other.

I don't care much about the pieces and songs. I wish Johnnie and Steve would have the dialogue.

Pretty soon my father says: "*Now watch!*" He takes me in his lap, so I can see better. He says: "Now you're goin' to see David and Goliath. I 'spect it'll be wonderful."

We hear a bell tinkle. The curtains go apart, and there stands Goliath, with little David in front of him. I know it is really Steve and Johnnie, but I have to keep thinking about it, or I forget.

I don't look at David very long, because he is so little and Goliath is so big. I never saw Johnnie look so big. It must be the way he is dressed up. He has a big helmet on, with red and white scales, and queer clothes, with bright, iron-looking scales on them. The helmet makes me think of redhorse scales, only they are bigger. He has a big sword in his hand. It is the old army sword I see every time we go to Uncle Anthony's, the one Lennie had in the war. Steve looks ever so little. I can tell who he is, because he hasn't anything to cover his head.

I don't really understand what it is about. I keep wondering whether that is really Johnnie. My father says he thinks it is, but I can't see his face, and I don't feel sure. I am afraid Steve is going to get hurt, or something is going to happen to Johnnie. If it does, I hope it will really be Goliath instead of him.

Goliath begins to wave his sword in front of Steve. Steve is so short that Goliath stoops a little. Pretty soon he says, in a great, big voice: "Come to me and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field." It sounds a little like Johnnie, but it is funny to hear him talk that way.

But Steve isn't afraid. He has a kind of slingshot in his hand. He whirls it around his head three or four times, and

says: "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand."

Then Steve whirls the slingshot again, and something cracks against Goliath's queer-looking coat. Johnnie staggers. I catch my breath. I am awfully scared, and jump up on to my feet, to see better. Johnnie goes down on the floor with a terrible, smashing noise.

I begin to scream. The curtains come together, and I can't see Johnnie any more. My father puts his arms around me, and the people all clap hands, and look at me and laugh.

My father says: "Never mind! never mind! They're only makin' believe. That's all. *He ain't hurt a bit.*"

I stop crying. Pretty soon Johnnie comes out from behind the curtain by the wall, and comes to see me. He laughs, and says: "Was you 'fraid they was goin' to kill me, so I couldn't hand you out the mail any more? Not much of it!" My father crowds along, and Johnnie sits down and takes me in his lap. That makes me feel comfortable and satisfied.

The church has a basement, and we go down there for supper. Grandpa Tyler and Mrs. Tyler sit near us. Grandpa Tyler has long white whiskers and a big smooth upper lip. Mrs. Tyler is small, and talks in a thin little voice.

My mother ties a napkin around my neck. They have to get a box to put on my chair, so I'll be high enough.

We have oyster soup and crackers, and then bread and butter and pickles and cake. We can smell the oysters. They have a stove over in the corner, with a washboiler to make the soup in. The spoons clink, and everybody talks and laughs.

Pretty soon Grandpa Tyler looks at my father. He says: "By Godfrey, Hi! they must be some mistake about this."

My father says: "Why? What's the matter?"

Grandpa Tyler holds up his spoon. There is a little oyster in it. He says: "Why, I jest found this here oyster in my soup, that's all. You don't s'pose they could 'a' *meant* it, do you?"

My father and mother laugh. Mrs. Tyler says: "See here, Tyler, now! You jest stop your makin' fun o' things that way.

Ain't ye got no manners about ye?" Grandpa Tyler laughs. My father says: "*Now* see what you get!" Mrs. Tyler goes on: "Ye ought to be 'shamed o' yerself! They's plenty oysters in yer plate, if ye've only a mind to look fer 'em."

When we get through supper, they all sit around by the wall and talk. Mrs. Tyler says: "Well, they done mighty well, didn't ye think so? 'Specially Johnnie."

Grandpa Tyler says: "You're right about that. That there fall o' Johnnie's was one o' the most natural falls I ever see. I don't see how it could 'a' been any better."

Uncle Anthony and Aunt Phœbe walk down the road with us when we go home. Uncle Anthony stops to light his pipe. He says to my father: "Hi, jes' let me get around the other side, will ye? so's you can walk to windward o' me. I don't want ye to have to breathe this here smoke o' mine, 'cause I know you don't like smoke none too well."

Our house and Uncle Anthony's look dark and cold. Aunt Phœbe says: "Of all the lonesome-lookin' things on earth, it always seems to me 's if a house in the night time without the lamps lit was about the worst. I'm always glad when we c'n get home and light the light and turn on the draft."

We say good-night and go in. My brother doesn't come until after I am in bed. I hear him go into his room. He stopped to talk to Steve about the dialogue.

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## WAR AND LITERATURE

The present time would seem to be especially opportune for a consideration of the mutual relations between literature and war. So terrible a conflict as the present one the world has never seen before, and certainly will not see again for many years to come. For Europe, and probably for America as well, the former things are passed away. A struggle so far-reaching will produce its inevitable effect upon literature. Will this be favorable or the reverse?

First, let us see what are some of the less favorable consequences of the war. One of the most lamentable is the killing off of so many young literary men. Rupert Brooke, Harold Chapin, Frank Taylor, Alan Seeger, Jean Maspero, Guy de Cassagnac, August Stramm, Walter Heyman are only a few out of a great number who have already perished; and besides these who had already begun to win fame, there must have perished many another mute, inglorious Milton. The Moloch of war has demanded the sacrifice of the best.

But not only does war rob us of a large number of writers, actual and potential; it also paralyzes the living who remain. Sir James Barrie writes a war play: *The Day* proves heavy, inert, anything but what we should expect of him. Some, like Mr. Wells and Mr. Arnold Bennett, have been chiefly engaged in journalism. They may be storing up impressions which they will some day use in enduring literature—let us hope this is the case; but at present, so far as real literature is concerned, they are silent.<sup>1</sup> Others have been frozen by the recrudescence of

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<sup>1</sup> " Dans une savante étude publiée ici même [le 15 mai, 1916], et dont je ne saurais assez louer la très haute portée 'documentaire,' M. Legouis nous a entretenus des ouvrages nouveaux inspirés par le spectacle imprévu de la guerre aux maîtres les plus fameux de cette littérature [anglaise]; et force lui a été d'avouer, l'on s'en souvient, que pas un de ces maîtres, les Wells et les Kipling, les Galsworthy et les Shaw, n'avait encore rien écrit, depuis deux ans, qui fût pour ajouter sensiblement à leur ancienne gloire. C'est comme si ces écrivains notoires, trop accoutumés à l'ordre de choses au milieu duquel s'était jadis formé et développé leur talent, se fussent sentis mal à l'aise en présence d'un ordre tout nouveau, et trop différent de celui



brutality into a pessimism which is anything but good soil for literary growth. They have seen the flower of the country march away never to return; they behold ruin staring the world in the face; they look ahead to the cheerless years when widows and orphans and maimed soldiers will struggle for a wretched existence; and the tragedy is too great for expression. Nor must we forget the effects upon both writers and readers of the cheapening of human life and the resurgence of distrust and suspicion and hatred. We thought the ape and tiger were dead; but no. It takes time for the beast in us to die.

Has war any favorable effects upon literature? Possibly. Since the beginning of the present war the literary output has greatly diminished. The countries now at war are among the heaviest producers of books. In 1916, according to *Le Droit d'Auteur*, the world's annual crop of books amounted to well toward 180,000 volumes; in 1915, though the complete figures are not yet available, the number seems to have dropped to something less than 100,000.<sup>2</sup> Some regard this as a calamity; from another point of view it may be a good thing. Fewer books may mean better books; because of the greater risk involved, publishers will now think twice before accepting doubtful manuscripts. The affairs of some publishing firms may have to be readjusted or wound up; yet in the long run, good literature may not be greatly the loser. A dozen years ago Octave Uzanne complained that the French literary output was far too great. Some of our prolific writers may now have time to stop and get their breath.

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dont ils se flattaient de nous avoir révélé jusqu'aux moindres secrets: tandis qu'au-dessous d'eux l'on a vu surgir d'autres hommes qui, absolument inconnus jusqu'alors, et d'ailleurs beaucoup moins fournis en fait de ressources 'professionnelles,' n'en apportaient pas moins, à ce même spectacle de la grande mêlée européenne, une vision plus fraîche et des nerfs plus solides."—M. T. de Wyzewa in *Revue des deux Mondes*, 15 juin, 1916, p. 939.

<sup>2</sup> See *Le Droit d'Auteur* for December 15, 1916. In the statistics there given no figures are available for Austria, Belgium, and Russia. The totals for Germany, Denmark, the United States, France, Great Britain, Hungary, Italy, Luxemburg, the Low Countries, and Switzerland are: in 1914, 86,473 volumes; in 1915, 73,153. Gains were made in 1915 over 1914 in Denmark, Luxemburg, the Low Countries (7 per cent), and Switzerland (nearly 18 per cent). Great Britain fell off only 872 volumes, or 7.5 per cent. The most lamentable drop was in France (54 per cent).

One recalls Mrs. Atherton's remark that if Mr. Wells "could be persuaded to stop writing for five years, disappear, forget himself (and the public), he might realize the promise of the days before he hustled out three or four books a year"; and after reading *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, good though it be in parts, one is inclined to agree. We are not yet ready for the great war novel; and I am not at all sure that the creator of Mr. Britling, with all his versatility, is the one to write it.

The reading public, moreover, is becoming more interested in better literature, and in more serious books. Works of history and travel have a somewhat better chance than they had two years ago. The search for the causes of the war has driven us to the historians. The morbidly sexual novel is relished less than formerly. The philosophers are coming in for their share of attention; men are trying to find out what Nietzsche really said and what he really meant when he said it. In Great Britain, notwithstanding a greater falling off in the total production of books, the number of works in religion and in education issued in 1914 was larger than in 1913. In 1915 the number of works in philosophy was nearly one-third larger than in 1914, while the number of works in history increased sixty-eight per cent, or more than two-thirds. In America the number of works in poetry and the drama in 1914 was one-third larger than in 1913; and gains were made in philosophy, religion, sociology, history, and several other fields. This would seem to indicate a freer play of ideas.<sup>3</sup>

Less, too, is heard about the futurists, the cubists, the impressionists, the writers of *vers libre*, and other freaks and fanatics in the realm of letters. Readers are more anxious for common sense. The old bottles are still in good condition for the new wine.

Then there is what may be called the moral effect of the war.

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<sup>3</sup> In 1915 there was a falling off in every department except domestic economy, public affairs, and history (in which there was a gain of 30 per cent). It must be borne in mind, however, that this shrinkage may have been in part (or even largely) due to the increasing cost of paper; if so, it would not be fair to base on these figures any conclusions as to the activities of authors.

As it has progressed, we have all remarked its effects upon the characters of the combatants. As the poetry of war has been succeeded by its prose, the participants in the struggle have become sobered and chastened. Men have come to feel, what before they were only dimly or hazily aware of, that there are ideals dearer than life itself. For the vast majority of the actual combatants the war has resolved itself into a struggle for right, and justice, and democracy. And the consequent refining and the purifying of character are bound sooner or later to be reflected in literature. Surely this is as true as

"That men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things."

Surely there must be some such "far-off interest of tears." I say nothing of the price paid; this is no argument in favor of war. But with war as the bitter, ugly, hateful fact in the world as it now exists, we are entitled to draw some consolation, if we can, from the belief that as suffering deepens and enriches life, so it may purify and ennoble literature, which is the expression, the mirror of life.

Some evidence of this effect is perhaps afforded by the contrast between the sort of poetry of which we had a good deal at the beginning of the war and that which has been appearing more recently. Such verses as Chappell's *The Day*, Lissauer's *Hassengesang* and Lord Curzon's reply to it, have given place to poetry of a distinctly more noble type. It has been discovered that hatred of another country is not in itself an essential feature of loyalty to one's own. Of course it helps men in the trenches to forget their manhood and become brutal engines of destruction; but it has been a thousand times demonstrated that men do not need this impetus to acquit themselves manfully and to fight effectively and victoriously. Instead of songs of hatred, then, we are now reading narratives of personal experience, visions in the trenches, reflections on the destruction of cities and of men, the pangs of separation from loved ones, admiration for deeds of courage and heroism, as in Winifred M. Letts's *The Spires of Oxford*, which surely has not been too often quoted:—

I saw the spires of Oxford  
As I was passing by,

The gray spires of Oxford  
Against a pearl-gray sky.  
My heart was with the Oxford men  
Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,  
The golden years and gay,  
The hoary Colleges look down  
On careless boys at play.  
But when the bugles sounded war  
They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,  
The cricket-field, the quad,  
The shaven lawns of Oxford  
To seek a bloody sod.  
They gave their merry youth away  
For country and for God.

God rest you,—happy gentlemen,  
Who laid your good lives down,  
Who took the khaki and the gun  
Instead of cap and gown.  
God bring you to a fairer place  
Than even Oxford town.

And occasionally we get a note of the grim irony of it all, as in W. N. Ewer's *Five Dead Men*, with its pathetic refrain,—

I gave my life for freedom—this I know:  
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

It may be that the war will ultimately produce some great work that shall stir the world as only a few great books have hitherto done. We have sometimes said that the world is too old for another Homer or another Dante. In the light of the last three years, men are now seen to be relatively in their infancy. Far from being old and blasé, the race begins to look like an infant emerging from pinafores. If men's ability to keep out of war can be taken as a test of their intellectual growth and emotional restraint, then it may be a long time yet before we can call ourselves mature. And great literature is apt to go with maturity, at least of the individual. The great writers are always spoken of as ahead of their age; that is, as older than their contemporaries.

If this be true, then we must not look for the great book too soon. Homer did not write *The Iliad* until after the Trojan

War had become a vague racial memory, separated from his time by two or three centuries. Not until four centuries after the First Crusade came *Jerusalem Delivera*; and *The Song of Roland* dates from some two centuries after Roncesvaux. The great Napoleonic wars were half a century old before Tolstoi wrote his great epic of *War and Peace*, and another half century elapsed before Thomas Hardy produced *The Dynasts*. Tennyson was stirred by the Crimean War; yet with all his belief in the regenerating and purifying influence of war, what did he make of it? Only *The Charge of the Light Brigade*—the ballad of a blunder. How many great poems have yet been written on our Civil War? Mr. Howells has found just one—Lowell's *Commemoration Ode*. There must be time for the poet to collect himself, to forget somewhat the strain, the agony, the horror, to remember his emotion in tranquillity, to see the event as a whole in its larger relationships, with the whole creation moving toward it.

And we may at least respect the prediction already hazarded, that so far as the nations now at war are concerned, the greater literature will emanate ultimately from the defeated countries. This seems to be a part of that mysterious law of compensation which Emerson found working throughout the universe. For the effect of victory upon the mind and soul of the conqueror tends to blunt his sensibilities, to make him less sensitive to the finer things of life. Nobody doubts to-day that Germany, whatever we may think of her, is the result of the Franco-Prussian War; and no one doubts the inferiority of the literature of the empire to that of the preceding era. In Florence in 1883 Mr. Howells asked the editor of a great German literary weekly about German novelists of the day, and received this reply: "There are no longer any German novelists worthy of the name. Our new ideal has stopped all that. Militarism is our new ideal—the ideal of Duty—and it has killed our imagination. So the German novel is dead."

On the other hand, the effect of the defeat of France in 1871 was certainly chastening and sobering. At the close of the war France found herself with depleted ranks, an enormous debt, an impoverished people. Inevitably there followed years of pessimism and atheism, a tendency towards which had already be-



come evident, and which is still traceable in writers of the older school like Pierre Loti, Anatole France, Maeterlinck, Maupassant, and Eduard Rod. From this state the French passed into the remarkable religious revival seen at its best in the works of such men as Retté, Huysmans, Verlaine, Coppée, Bourget, Charles Péguy, Paul Claudel, and François Jammes—a revival but for which, it may safely be said, we should hardly have seen such splendid and determined resistance as France has made to the attacks of her enemies in the last year.

If the Central Powers are to be defeated as a result of the present struggle, will this prophecy hold true? It may be. But regarding the Germans in the light of what has transpired in these three years concerning their character and moral ideals, we must concede that here another element enters into the problem. The canker of two standards of morals, one for the state, the other for the individual, has evidently eaten deep into the national life. It is hard to see how any great literature can come out of a country where such brutalizing ideas prevail; when the Germans have purged themselves of these ideas, we may have hopes of them.

And now let us ask another large question: What has been the effect of literature upon war?

Before we answer this let us ask what in general is the relation of literature to life. Is it merely a record, a picture of what has taken place? To a large extent this is the case. But is it not also largely a projection of ideals into terms of life, a warning, an exhortation? *Ex pede Herculem*. Literature, then, shall tell us not only how men have lived and are living, but also how they are going to live in the future if present conditions prevail, and how they may live if these conditions are varied. As the work of the ablest, the keenest, the most forward of the world's thinkers, literature must be not only a record but an inspiration. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* went a long way toward defeating slavery. *The Song of Roland* at Hastings helped, who shall say how much, to give victory to the Norman banners. Homer in the schools of Hellas moulded Greek ideals of honor and patriotism and loyalty such as have never been surpassed.

Bearing all this in mind, I fear we must admit that in the

matter of war, literature has not had a greatly restraining influence. Most of us now agree that war is a gigantic evil, of which the world must soon rid itself. What has literature done to check the evil, or to show it up in its true light? There are few considerable pieces of literature in which war is depicted in any but romantic terms. After reading our Civil War literature, few would think of characterizing war as Sherman did. To nine persons out of ten, Napoleon is still a hero rather than a villain, who waded through slaughter to a throne. What historian does not, even though unconsciously, exalt the martial hero, the conqueror, the savior of his country? Once in a while along comes a Lampzys with his realistic portrayal of the horrors of war, and does the cause of literature an inestimable service by correcting false impressions. Kings and kaisers may for a time prevent the circulation of such books, but cannot permanently injure their influence. I do not plead that literature should be made a servant of morality; I contend that literature ought to be so true to life, as Shakespeare is true to life, that only one moral shall be obvious.

In Russia the poets have lately not been in accord as to the attitude they should assume. Some, we are told in *The Russian Review* for March, 1916, have urged that the present is not a time for poets to sing, and in support of their contention have pointed to the inferiority of the poetry thus far produced. Others assert that the war imposes peculiar burdens upon the poet. "The poet," declared Andreyev, several months before the overthrow of the Czar, "is the only one who can and should bring home to the masses of the Russian people the horrors of war. A powerful description of a shot from a 42-centimeter gun might produce an even more powerful impression than the shot itself. The horrible war is undermining the very substance of Russia's national life, and the men of letters, the whole intellectual army of the land, should rise, and, instead of the 'literature to Beauty,' should sing and cry about the war, ring the alarm-bells, blow the trumpet, and arouse the nation's conscience."

So, as one of the great aids to peace, there should arise a literature of war which shall treat war in all its phases, good so far

as there are any, bad as most certainly are. Let our writers depict not only the glorious departure for the battle-field, but also the agony of the wounded and dying; not alone the exultation of the soldier's bride, but also the misery of his widow and starving children; not alone the glad response of the patriotic people to the call to arms, but the secret plotting of the makers of arms and the "interventionists" to stir up strife; not alone the elation of victory, but the decades of repentance in sackcloth and ashes for the vanquished; not alone the vindication of "national honor," but the brutalizing, bestializing influences at work upon officers and men alike in the atmosphere of excessive militarism. Then men will get from the picture all they need in order to apprehend the truth. And in righteous wrath they will decree that the present war shall be the last.<sup>4</sup>

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<sup>4</sup> In these days one can hardly be too explicit. The above words were mostly written before our country had entered into the war. They must not, therefore, be taken as meaning that the writer is, or has at any time been, opposed to American participation in the war — which we now perceive is as much *our* war as that of any other of the Allies.

## THE KENNEDY PAPERS

(Third Article)

### LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH

Kennedy's correspondence with Southern men was both less voluminous and, if his letters from Poe be excluded, of much less importance than his correspondence with notable men from the North. It was confined, moreover, largely to the period preceding the Civil War. Nevertheless, Kennedy numbered among his correspondents most of the leading Southern writers of his time and several of the foremost Southern statesmen and jurists. Prominent among Southern writers who are represented in his collection of letters are his cousins,<sup>1</sup> Philip Pendleton and John Esten Cooke, and Philip H. Strother ("Porte Crayon"); the South Carolina novelist, William Gilmore Simms; and the Richmond editor and poet, John R. Thompson; and among statesmen and jurists, William Wirt (with whom he early came into contact in his practice of law, and whose biography he was subsequently to write); Henry Clay (with whom he was intimately associated in Congress in the forties); and Clay's distinguished rival from South Carolina, John C. Calhoun. Other Southern men who are represented in the collection are Richard Henry Wilde, Thomas Holley Chivers, F. W. Thomas, J. J. Crittenden, President Madison, President Jackson, Chief Justice Marshall, and General Robert E. Lee.<sup>2</sup>

Below are given some of the more interesting of the letters from Southerners of note. First are presented the letters from literary men and after these are given several letters relating to slavery and the Civil War.

#### I

#### *Richard Henry Wilde to Kennedy*

MY DEAR SIR,—I enclose you a letter for our friend, counting on the pleasure it will give you to forward it, and intending by virtue of that excuse,

<sup>1</sup> The Cookes were Kennedy's first cousins, Strother was a second cousin. Both the Cookes and the Strothers were related to Kennedy through his mother, who belonged to the Pendleton family of Virginia.

<sup>2</sup> The last three of these are represented by but a single letter each. There is also in the collection a note from Dolly Madison. The letters from Calhoun are six in number; and there are ten letters from Wirt, three of which have been published by Tuckerman (see his *Life of Kennedy*, pp. 116-118, 155).

to remind you of my existence, if it be existence to exist without any consciousness of existing, except such as is given us by pleas, answers, and demurrers.

If you make a report on international copyright send me one, that it may wake me up.<sup>3</sup> As far off as Washington I should never hear it.

In this age of science and philanthropy, when even the black sheep of the human species are supposed to have an interest in their own parchment, which the high constable of the seas is to protect, armed with the right of search, and backed by a quintuple alliance of all the un-navigating part of beet-root-cultivating Christendom, I don't see very clearly why literary piracy is to be the only one practised and approved by Christian nations. Perhaps letters being an invention of the Devil with the help of Dr. Faustus, they are properly left to his protection.

Perhaps Literature is esteemed the natural enemy of all existing governments—*hostis humani generis*—and therefore an outlaw. Or maybe its professors are excluded from the social compact, on account of their own well-known thieving propensities. To rob a robber is not robbery. Q. U. E. D. [*sic*.]

I do not mean to perpetrate the absurdity of an argument on this subject, or the impertinence of suggesting ideas to one who has no doubt reflected on it much more than myself. The morality of supplying cheap books at other people's expense cannot be doubted. It is stealing leather to make poor men's shoes. Unless some stronger interests than those of the other world, therefore, oppose this pious fraud, you have little to hope. Perhaps there are such.

If literary piracy were confined to a few publishers, the trade would be worth following.

But unhappily in all illicit trades there are small rogues who prey upon the greater. A cheap edition is pirated by one still cheaper, and that again by the cheapest, and the last by another cheaper than the cheapest, until amid new degrees of comparison, quartos dwindle down to newspapers, and dishonesty has no profit left. Even booksellers, though proverbially stupid, might learn something from the lesson. Crime itself requires a monopoly to be profitable. Some must be induced to work, that others may have a chance to steal. When all the world turn robbers, no one can subsist by robbery.

Excuse sermonizing. Who can talk of books and booksellers and not be prosy? Remember me to Mr. Adams, Winthrop, Marshall Bayard, and all other friends and good-fellows, and believe me, with best regards to Mrs. K.,

Very faithfully yours,

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

TO HON. J. P. KENNEDY.

AUGUSTA, 4 May, 1842.

### *Simms to Kennedy*

WOODLANDS, April 9, 1846.

HON. J. P. KENNEDY,

MY DEAR SIR:—I could have wished to use your name in connection with some more fortunately conceived work than that in which it appears,<sup>4</sup> had it not been that I was anxious to guard myself against disappointment, and to be sure of doing that which has long been the object of my desire. In my

<sup>3</sup> See the letters from Dickens in the second installment of these papers. Kennedy while in Congress was chairman of the Committee on the International Copyright Law (Tuckerman, p. 177).

<sup>4</sup> The reference is to Simms's romance, *Count Julian* (referred to in his second sentence), which was dedicated to Kennedy.



dedication I have dealt frankly with yourself and the public. "Count Julian" is very far from satisfying me, now that it is written. That it did satisfy me *when* it was written, I cannot deny.<sup>5</sup> I need not say to you with what doubt and disappointment we are apt to look back, after the lapse of a few years, on what has been the favorite achievement of our youth. Still less need I say to you in what particulars "Ct. Julian" fails. But an author's writings are always useful—even when abortive as works of art—to those who would study his career and properly analyse his endowments; and I was not absolutely sure that my own progress had been such as to render my present judgments any more valuable than my past. But the value of my tribute to your worth and genius, does not, fortunately, depend upon the intrinsic value of the thing proffered. As the honest expression of my thought and feeling, the tribute has an independent value which can lose nothing by the awards of criticism. Still, I trust that its perusal will give pleasure to yourself and others. Perhaps, it might be well to read it in connection with "Pelayo"—a work of which it is the sequel. This will afford some idea of the inherent difficulties and *improprieties* of my plan.

I am just in receipt of your pamphlet on William Thom sent to the Editor of the *Southern Patriot* of Charleston. You are probably not aware that the literary notices in that journal are most generally written by myself. It was in its columns that I acknowledged the Lecture on Calvert, which you were so good to send me.

Did you get from me a small collection of "Sonnets"? It is my conviction that I addressed you a copy—but I can provide you another should the first have failed you.

Very faithfully yours,

W. GILMORE SIMMS.

WOODLANDS, Wednesday, 26 April, 1854.

DEAR KENNEDY,—I had fully purposed to have met you in Charleston, and would have done so, had you come at the period first assigned as that of your advent among us: but think now it is quite impossible. I have only just returned from a ten days' wandering which leaves me completely fagged out, and feeling very badly,—to say nothing of the piles of labour that lie before me in the shape of correspondence, accumulated in my absence, the answers to which must not longer be delayed. It is almost absurd to ask you to visit me in your *official* (?) *progresses*,<sup>6</sup> but really, if it be possible with you to stop at my poor wigwam for a day or two, I take for granted that you will confidently assure Mr. Fillmore of my hearty welcome, on his own account no less than yours. I am no Whig, you know, and not much of a Democratic, perhaps, the standards of party considered: but I can nevertheless give you a warm grip of the fist, and you shall have the last bottle if need be, and a hearty blessing, even though you leave me not a drop. Poets are scarcely noticeable people by politicians, but present me to Mr. Fillmore as a well-wisher and

Your and his friend,

W. GILMORE SIMMS.

HON. J. P. KENNEDY.

<sup>5</sup> The allusion is to Kennedy's trip to the South with President Fillmore in the spring of 1854.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 13.<sup>6</sup>

HON. J. P. KENNEDY,

MY DEAR KENNEDY,—Thanks for your prompt and pleasant answer, to which I do not design this as any reply. I am so much and so variously employed here, that even a letter becomes a task. You are aware, I take for granted, that I so fully conceived and entered into your situation, that, however I might regret, I could not reproach your silence. The *public* is a damnable tyranny: knows how to use, to consume, to swallow and destroy—to “cram and blaspheme its feeder.” God grant both of us respite before long, for our *own* uses. I shall leave Washington on Saturday next, on a flying visit to New York. I shall pass through Baltimore without stopping, except possibly on my return. In this matter, however, I shall be governed chiefly by the fact that some one of your societies desire a couple of lectures. I cannot give less than two, as the subjects which I have prepared for require two each. I thought that a large city like yours might afford me a hundred dollars for a couple of hour discourses, and this would help to pay my wandering expenses—a consideration no ways unimportant to “one who hath had losses.” The *South. Review* alone, leaves me \$3000 out of pocket; and now, for the first time, that work promises to pay expenses. If you hear any thing from these societies, request them to address me here, if in season. If not—New York, Care of Messrs Bockee & Donaldson.

Yours in haste, but lovingly, W. GILMORE SIMMS.<sup>7</sup>


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*P. P. Cooke to Kennedy*<sup>8</sup>

DEAR COUSIN JOHN,—I have purposed writing to you for a long time, but my Mother's milk infected me with the Pendleton procrastination. I received a letter from Mr. Griswold some time ago, saying that you had been kind enough (to me) to write to him concerning the manner and form of publication of my poems. He expresses himself decidedly against “the pewter-mug” distribution of my *Aganippe*—you remember your phrase; and promises to use his influence with the booksellers, in my behalf, towards an issue in “an exquisite style.” He promises me success in any event—whether the imbibitions are from the pewter or costlier cups—and congratulates me in advance on the fame I will acquire. You have given the man an idea of my powers which I must *work up to*.

The poems are going on with that alternation of fervid execution and half desponding, half loathing after-feeling, which has cut off so many of my pieces in past times, like the story of the Bear and the Fiddle—in the middle. I think, however, I am doing sure work on them. You will like “*Ventadore*,” I think. The names of all are and will be (for some I have not broken ground on) “*The Master of Bolton*”—“*The Bridge of Lusac*”—“*Ventadore*”—“*Orthone*”—“*The Lists of Betanzos*”—“*The Hill of Gold*”—“*The Bastot's Tale*.”<sup>9</sup>

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<sup>6</sup>The year is not given, but internal evidence makes it plain that the letter was written at some time in the fifties.

<sup>7</sup>Besides the three letters here printed there are seven other letters from Simms in the Kennedy collection.

<sup>8</sup>This letter is without date, but apparently was written in the fall of 1845.

<sup>9</sup>See Cooke's *Froissart Ballads* (1847). Not all the titles mentioned appear there.

Mr. Minor of the *S. L. Messenger* requests me to ask you for some scrap of your waste manuscript (if you have any) for his magazine. Please give this request a more serious consideration than you might at first be disposed to give a request of the sort. Minor, I believe, is a very good gentleman—well bred, courteous, and all that sort of thing.

Please write to me at your earliest leisure. My affectionate regards to Cousin Elizabeth.

Yours truly,

P. P. COOKE,

J. P. KENNEDY, ESQ.

Near MILLWOOD, CLARKE [Co.], VA.

DEAR COUSIN JOHN,—My poems are at last ready for publication. What is the next step? I am as ignorant as a child of all modes of approaching, or dealing with, publishers; and naturally lean upon yourself and Mr. Griswold. Mr. G. wrote to me last spring that he would gladly give me his services with the publishing houses. I have dedicated the volume to you—as you are the literary head of the Pendleton clan.

Please write to me saying what I shall do. I think the poems artistical and readable. The Froissart ballads are five in number, and about a dozen miscellaneous poems accompany them—whole bulk about 130 printed pages.

Yours ever sincerely,

P. P. COOKE.

HON. J. P. KENNEDY.

VINEYARD, Nov. 8th, 1846.

P. S.—I will write by this same mail to Griswold in Philadelphia, letting him know that you have the control of my finished MSS. and requesting his advice and assistance. Poe is ready to puff me at the North, and Minor's *Messenger* open to my friends here. Judge B. Tucker of Williamsburg or J. B. Heath of Richmond will fill my sails for the South *if a publisher will launch me*. If this literary enterprise fails, the devil take pen and paper henceforth.

Mrs. Burwell of Saratoga, as stiff and stately an old Lady as you will find, has proved penetrable to your life—or rather lecture upon—Wm. Thom. She thinks your excellent style illumined by a fine piety. As you are no Moham-medan, I told her you were a pretty fair Christian. By the way, the engraving of Thom in the London *Pictorial News* makes him remarkably like Wilson, the ornithologist—both are poetised likenesses of Edward Colston.<sup>10</sup>

### *John Esten Cooke to Kennedy*

RICHMOND, May 26, '60.

MY DEAR COUSIN JOHN:—May I beg you to afford me a little assistance in a matter connected with the "Poets and Poetry of the South," which Mr. Thompson and myself are now preparing for publication?<sup>11</sup>

<sup>10</sup> There are six other letters from P. P. Cooke in the Kennedy collection. Their dates are October 3, 1845, November 15, 1845, December 1, 1845, December 19, 1845, November 23, 1846, and November 27, 1846.

<sup>11</sup> This project was never carried to completion, owing, doubtless, to the coming on of the Civil War.

I am anxious to have a sketch of Peter Hoffman Cruse, and selections from his poems, some of which appeared, I believe, in the *Red Book*. If these latter are similar to the poetical portions of *Salmagundi*, they cannot fail to prove very suggestive and attractive—they would be to Baltimore what some of the pieces of St. Ledger Landon Carter are to Richmond: a picture of former life and manners. I doubt not that Cruse's other poems are also well worthy of notice, and I should esteem it a real favor if you would direct me to the sources of information. As to the personal sketch, it would be hardly fair for me to trespass on your kindness and request you to prepare the paper—though I am sure there is no one living who could do it so well. You may be able, however, to send me some material, and I shall value it greatly.

If any other Maryland poets of the old time occur to you, may I beg you to give me a list of them? The works of the Marylanders generally are so good that I have a prejudice in favor of the state. I fear the volume of "Poets and Poetry" will include some sad trash, and I am all the more anxious to have matter which will neutralize the bad. Should you find leisure, I would be very glad to have any suggestions in connection with the book, which draws me into a new and untried field. It will be keenly criticised both in Europe and the North, I suppose, and should be as well done as possible. It will be an imposing 8vo, with steel engravings.

I was in Baltimore some time since for several days, and saw Cousin Jane[?] and all; but you were not then in town. I should like to have a talk with you upon some literary matters, if you are at Baltimore or in the Valley this year.

Pray present my regards to your household, and believe me

Very sincerely yours,

J. P. KENNEDY, ESQ.

JNO. ESTEN COOKE.

### *Thomas Holley Chivers to Kennedy*

TONTINE HOTEL, NEW HAVEN, CONN.,

July 15th, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—My object for writing you the present letter is merely to say to you that, as I am writing the Life<sup>13</sup> of the late Edgar A. Poe, if you have any Poems or letters from him which you would be pleased to have published, you would confer a great favour on me by sending them to me by mail. As you were his early friend, could you not give me some touching Memorial of his pathetic life? Have you any reminiscences of his early life while at school in England?

Wishing you all happiness, I remain

Yours, most truly,

THOS. H. CHIVERS.

HON. JOHN P. KENEDY [*sic*].

<sup>13</sup> Chivers's projected life of Poe was never completed; excerpts from it were published by Professor George E. Woodberry in the *Century Magazine* for January and February, 1903 (LXV, pp. 442 f., 549 f.).

## II

Though of Southern extraction on his mother's side and a native of Baltimore, Kennedy cast his lot, when the Civil War came on, with the North. He was too old to bear arms, but he actively supported the Northern cause both with his pen and with his means. He had early taken a stand against secession, and, it seems, was always opposed to slavery,—though, with Irving, he had little sympathy with some of the more hysterical abolitionists in their denunciation of the South in its treatment of the negro. Among some comments on slavery entered in his diary in 1848, I find the following statement from him: "Slavery in no community can ever assume the character of a permanent establishment. It is essentially a transitory condition. Not only sound reason demonstrates this *a priori*, but history invariably proves it as the condition of the institution in every clime."<sup>13</sup>

In the same connection he sets forth certain objections to slavery on the ground of its industrial inexpediency. "The employment of slave labor," writes Kennedy, "where free or white labor is adequate to perform the required work—that is to say, in the whole country outside of the region [where cotton, sugar, rice, and coffee are grown]—is an expensive, unprofitable, and slovenly recourse, leading to imperfect tillage, deficient product, and extravagant waste. . . . It impoverishes the country by its influence in suppressing immigration, [and] in restraining and preventing the growth of manufactures and mechanical pursuits. . . . It keeps down the value of land, diminishes the value for taxation, begets indolence, and sensibly impedes public improvement. . . . It has an injurious effect on personal habits and social comfort, by narrowing the field of enterprise and diminishing the resources of industry through which the young and vigorous and intelligent might find opportunities to accumulate wealth. The sooner, therefore, such communities can disencumber themselves of these impediments, the better for them."<sup>14</sup>

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<sup>13</sup> "Notes on Travel in 1848, etc.," p. 80.

<sup>14</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 78.



With Clay, while in Congress, Kennedy had doubtless discussed the subject of slavery. The following letter from Clay, in which he touches on the subject of abolition, is one of thirteen letters from the distinguished Kentuckian that are preserved among the Kennedy Papers.

*Clay to Kennedy*

ASHLAND, 16th May, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,—I duly received your favor of the 2d inst. I fully share in all the forebodings which it expresses in respect to the politics of our Country. We have much to hope, but much, too, to fear. And it is a remarkable fact that in our Cities, where we had most to apprehend from political corruption, we have found most public virtue; whilst in the Country, where we had a right to expect most opposition to misrule, and wild and dangerous theories, they have received an alarming degree of countenance. This is especially the case in Pennsylvania. I suppose that is to be ascribed to two causes,—the greater degree of suffering and the greater extent of intelligence, on public affairs, in the Cities.

Such a work as you have described, well composed, and in a popular form, I think could not fail to produce a good effect; and I wish you would undertake it.<sup>15</sup> It might be thrown into the form of a dialogue, or a work of imagination, or even a graver character, divided into suitable parts. There is no topic which, when well treated, is more likely to command the public attention and affect the public feelings than that of defaulters and speculations in the public revenue. The vicious principle of Jackson's appointments, and the knowledge of the Heads of Departments and the President of delinquency, whilst it was in progress, have not yet, I think, been sufficiently exposed. And, if the Country could be made fully to comprehend the Agrarian aims which are directed against the foundation of all property and all good faith in the Community, I hope it would at last be aroused.

I consider the Abolition movement as belonging to the same loose and licentious spirit which characterizes Locofocoism. I should be the last person to defend Negro slavery, in the abstract, if the original question were now presented and it was to be decided whether it should be introduced and planted amongst us. But that is not the question: it is here already, and in spite of us, and the question is what is the best way to deal with it? If you have read Dr. Channing's recent pamphlet, you must have been struck with its tone of arrogance and presumptuousness. All mankind have been hitherto wrong, and the Dr. and his school are the only infallibles. Negro slaves cannot become the subjects of property! We are asked to exchange the sober practical wisdom of Statesmen, Rulers, and Legislators, in all ages, for the vague, vain, and visionary theories of Dr. Channing, Gerrit Smith, and Arthur Tappan. The Dr. talks of natural property—of property existing independent of all Law. As if, in a state of nature, there were any prop-

<sup>15</sup> The work alluded to is perhaps Kennedy's *Annals of Quodlibet* (1840), into which both Clay and the subject of abolition are introduced.

erty, except that resulting from occupancy, and during its continuance. As if all property were not the offspring of Convention,—in other words, of Law, which defines and protects it, authorizes its acquisition, and provides the mode of its transfer and succession.

If you have not read "Abolition vs. Sedition," and "Some thoughts on Domestic Slavery," let me recommend their perusal to you. They are remarkably well written, and the latter, I understand, is the production of Mr. Carey of Carlisle College.

Menefee has declined offering for Congress, and removed from his late District and settled in Lexington. We all regretted it very much, but his reasons were so strong—his poverty and the claims of a growing family—that we could not urge him to continue. He will probably be succeeded by a good Whig.

I had not supposed that there was any *immediate* danger of a general suspension of Specie payments, altho' that event, I take it, will certainly again happen. Judging from the state of Foreign Exchange, I had hoped it was not as nigh at hand as you seem to imagine it. If it is to happen, I fervently hope that it will not occur until our present rulers are dismissed.

We shall now soon hear from Virginia. If the results of her Elections should be conformable to our hopes, our future labors will be much lightened. If otherwise, we must go to work with redoubled energy and invigorated ardor.

Do me the favor to present my best respects to Mrs. Kennedy and Mr. Gray and family. Tell him that I am daily looking here for our friend, Judge Porter, and his daughter.

With great respect, I am

Truly and faithfully yours,

THE HONBLE. J. P. KENNEDY.

H. CLAY.

The following letters serve, in a measure, to indicate the part played by Kennedy during the Civil War. At the same time they serve to throw some interesting side-lights on conditions in the South during that period.

*John R. Thompson to Kennedy*<sup>16</sup>

RICHMOND, 16 May, 1861.

MY DEAR MR. KENNEDY,—I write to offer you my sincere thanks for your kind interference with Mr. Fulton in my behalf. I wrote to him yesterday stating the reasons why I could not entertain his proposition to become connected with the *American*. Our town is threatened with invasion by Lincoln's armies—my parents, my widowed sister, my home is here—every consideration of filial and patriotic duty would oblige me to remain and share the fate of my native Virginia, apart from any convictions I might entertain of the original folly of Secession. But a great change has been wrought in

<sup>16</sup> There are a total of twenty-five letters from Thompson to Kennedy preserved among Kennedy's papers, the earliest of them written in 1848, the latest in 1868.

my own feelings, and those of all Eastern Virginia, without regard to party divisions, by the Proclamation of the President. That fatal document in an instant changed seventy-five thousand loyal friends of the Union into bitter enemies, and there is absolutely no division of sentiment among us now. All your old party and personal friends are fixed and resolute in their attitude of resistance to the hostile course of the Administration. Rives, Stuart, Ballard Preston, Macfarland, McDowell Moore, Travers Daniel, Baldwin—all unite in the so-called rebellion. Enclosed I send you a letter of the last-named gentleman which expresses my own views and those of the late Union party, with which I sympathized, very forcibly and clearly. It is truly a deplorable state of things, and the most lamentable circumstance of all is that Maryland, not content with a position of neutrality, is raising regiments to send against us,—but we must accept our fate and prepare for the worst.

Your friend, Mrs. Stanard, is well and cheerful, though much oppressed in spirit by the sad circumstances that surround us. I had the pleasure of seeing her last evening, and, through her, of hearing from you and yours, of whom she spoke with the deep affection she feels for the household in Madison Street. Hugh is now with her, having been detached from his Dragoon Company by order of Genl. Lee and put upon the staff of Col. J. Bankhead Magruder. He is quite well, and he will have no duties to perform hereafter which will endanger his health.

We have no news here of course. The weather is delightful, Richmond is looking its prettiest, and though filled with thousand of troops, with hourly fresh arrivals, the utmost good order prevails. Your friends, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Pendleton, will leave tomorrow for Martinsburg.

Make my kindest regard to Mrs. Kennedy and Miss Martha Gray, and believe me

Very truly and gratefully yours,

JNO. R. THOMPSON.

HON. JOHN P. KENNEDY.

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*David H. Strother to Kennedy*

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF VIRGINIA,  
CULPEPER C. H., Aug. 9th, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR,—We are in the midst of things here and already hear the enemy's guns in the advance. I have no fears for the result. Pope is a better soldier than Jackson and equally disposed for fighting. You'll see the feathers fly before long. I got a letter from Ned Pendleton this morning in regard to our Norbourne house. The house belongs to Jas. L. Randolph. I am interested in it to the extent of several furnished rooms and some valuable books and artistic articles. During the past year, it was occupied both by Confederates and United States troops as a hospital and greatly damaged and devastated by both parties. Randolph had it refitted and invited my aunt, Mrs. Martha Hunter, to live in it for its better protection. She has with her a family of some six or eight children, her daughter, Mrs. Harrison, &c. She has faithfully taken care of the property, and during the occupation of the town by the Confederate troops nothing was disturbed. Since the return of the United States troops, Mrs. Hunter has been continually disturbed

by officers threatening to seize the house for quarters or a hospital. The property belongs to men who have invested life, fortune, and sacred honour in the cause of the Federal Government, and it seems to me very little to ask in return, that the innocent and helpless lady whom they have asked to protect their house and the little property the Revolution has left them should be protected from outrage and ruin. This occurs, too, in a town where there are numerous Public buildings which might serve the purposes of the troops and at the other end of which stands the stately and many-roomed mansion of the notorious Traitor, Faulker—which, as far as I know, has been most scrupulously guarded and protected. The secret of the difference is this: The poor Widow who occupies Norbourne, with difficulty finds bread for her own children. The Wealth of the Traitor enables his family to feast and flatter the officers who are stationed in the town and whose *discretion* regulates the seizure and occupation of property. Could not a protection be granted to our property by Genl. Wool, and Mrs. Hunter secured in the occupancy, as is our wish and interest? Will you be kind enough to represent the matter, and have her restored if she has already been turned out.

Yours very truly,

D. H. STROTHER,

Capt. A. D. C., Staff of Major Genl. Pope.

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HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,  
NEW ORLEANS, February 7th, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR,—I never doubted but that our Expedition was bound for Texas until we were four days out at sea. I was much disappointed when I then learned that this was to be the field of our action, nor have I yet become quite reconciled to the change. Louisiana is a used field to me. Texas would have had the charm of novelty and promised more opportunity for personal adventure. "Omne ignotum pro magnifico est." I don't know that my disappointment had any more rational solution than that. The opening of the Mississippi is after all to be the great feat of the War—the opening of the Sixth Seal for the Rebels—the opening of the gates of Peace to the Nation. The opportunity offered to participate in such a drama is well worth a visit to Texas. So after all I have every reason to be contented with the change of Programme. We found things here in very bad condition. The Administration of Butler had achieved peace and public order, in appearance, at the expense of decency and all sound policy. The whole state and City were delivered up to thieves and Speculators who preyed upon all the moveable property that could be found without shame or remorse. Every thing from a silver spoon to a sugar crop, from a pet kitten to a blooded horse, was stolen, conveyed, sequestered, confiscated, captured, or pillaged according to the conscience of the performer in the grand drama of Spoliation. The usual actors were Sutlers and Speculators who follow our armies for the express purpose—that class against whom Grant lately issued an Edict. Here unfortunately many commissioned Officers of the Army entered shamelessly into these disreputable practices, and the outsiders were thought to be for the most part interested partners of the Military Authorities. The whole Army was turned into a sugar-making, huckstering, auc-



tioneeing, petty thieving establishment. Men came here penniless who in a few months returned North, owners of thousands. Millions were stolen, and thousands turned over to the Government with a great flourish of trumpets. Plantations were despoiled of everything, mules, carts, provisions, cattle, and even poultry, the crops taken off and whites and negroes left naked and starving, to be a charge to the government or perish. The fact is I have opened a chapter which I have neither time nor patience to conclude; you have doubtless heard much on the subject from Reverdy Johnson and others, and with all that you have never heard the half. I have been approached twenty times by men of substance with offers of from one to twenty-five thousand dollars, if I would procure a permit to trade with the enemy in provisions, medicines, &c. &c. The applicants seemed innocently to be following their accustomed business and quite taken aback when they found it could not be done. They say they have always transacted business in that way heretofore and could *buy* a permit to do anything whatsoever. How far the former commander in chief may have been personally implicated in this business I do not know. He certainly did some good here in the beginning by certain strong measures which he carried out in regard to the City Population, but he certainly left the state to us, quiet indeed, but exhausted of all resources, utterly disorganized, and about as well affected to our government as a man bruised, bound, and robbed might be supposed to be to the Highwayman who did the business. This is not the policy to bring about a reaction in Southern sentiment. So much for our side of the question. From another view of the case, I have no sympathy with this people in their suffering and humiliation. They are drinking the cup they mixed for others and are enjoying those rights they have so long been intriguing and fighting to obtain, the right of destroying themselves politically, socially, and financially. We have been waiting a long time for the propitious hour to strike a blow. You will hear from us soon; perhaps the same mail that brings you this will bring news of a movement. We go to Baton Rouge to-day, and from thence to the field. Banks' civil administration here has been characterized by liberality, honesty, and sound policy. He has shown himself a statesman, and considering the circumstances by which he is surrounded he has so far been eminently successful. I am glad to perceive that the peace idea is dying out in the North. The attempt will only achieve National degradation. Peace will only ensure Eternal War. We cannot dodge this question by political intrigue, we cannot buy a solution of it with gold. Blood and suffering is the price to be paid for our Nationality, and we must fight it out to the bitter end. I think the people of the United States have hitherto shown themselves fully alive to the necessities of the case and fully equal to the emergency. Unfortunately, they have wanted and still want leaders. But let us hope that these will appear in time. I met Anthony's son, Danl. Kennedy, the other day. He is serving aboard the Hartford, Admiral Farragut's flag ship. Dan is looking very well, and I was much pleased with his bearing and the tone of his conversation. He is in the best company in the world to keep his opinions on the great question sound and healthy.

Although in most respects very agreeably situated here, I do not feel altogether contented with my position. The abstract question of Nationality



should surely be enough to keep a man up to the mark ; but I miss the stimulus of personal feeling—the friendships and the enmities which gave zest to my Virginia Campaigns. I would be glad, therefore, if I could find some position nearer home which would justify me in leaving here—of course, not until after the active military operations are over. This date I think will arrive before the 1st of May. We will then have succeeded or have definitely failed in our purpose of opening the Mississippi. There will be some shifting of scenes, no doubt, at Washington after the 4th of March, and there may be then a chance for me to improve my position, if I had a friend near the Court to mention my name.

When I was last in Baltimore, Mrs. Kennedy was kind enough to ask for my "Carte de Visite" for her collection. Happening to have one which I touched up in colour on a very bad photograph, I enclose it with kindest regards. I hope you will find time to write to me and let me know what is going on in the World under the current of Newspaper gossip.

With high regards, Yours, &c.,

D. H. STROTHER, Lt. Col. A. D. C.

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In the foregoing letters from the Kennedy Papers I have included only letters from the more prominent among Kennedy's correspondents. There are, besides the letters here printed, upwards of two thousand other letters from men of distinction, all carefully preserved by Kennedy (and since his death handsomely mounted and bound up into volumes); and there are also several hundred letters from his mother and from his wife, together with several volumes of letter-copies of his own correspondence during his later years. And in addition to the letters there are some thirty-five volumes of diary and note-books, all in Kennedy's handwriting. To these I shall hope to devote at some time a further article.

KILLIS CAMPBELL

University of Texas.

## THE GENESIS OF SOME NURSERY LORE

"Mother Goose" cheek by jowl with "The Secrets of the German War Office"—certainly it looked odd. Yet, on second thought, how accurately that public library table was fulfilling its mission of general enlightenment, thus objectively reminding all and sundry that Armageddons alter only in degree after all, never in kind, even were one to count back so far as that long-past yesterday when the venerable dame of the nursery first blessed the world with her immortal couplet:—

The King of France, with twenty-thousand men  
Marched up the hill, and then marched down again!

Wars pass and maps are changed resultantly, but "Mother Goose," forever the same, goes into new editions every year.

In spite of Mr. Emerson,—who devotes a casual slashing paragraph of his journal to "The unbeautiful English nursery-stories," so "childish and insignificant" when contrasted (in his mighty mind) with the fables of the Greek,—in spite of any such infrequent attack, here is a book whose glory can be dimmed no whit by slighting reference, whose fame can never be lessened by any amount of wiseacre pooh-poohing. For in just these pages lies that starting-point from which the English-speaking part of mankind began its knowledge of books. The chances are ten to one that the author of this week's "best seller," with its tale now circulating to the tens of thousands of copies, gained his first notion of fiction, at a mother's knee, from the somewhat fancifully colored narrative of the old lady who swept the cobwebs out of the sky. The poet's first pastoral, as like as not, was captioned "Little Bo Peep"; the dramatist's first tragedy waskerneled in "Ding, Dong, Bell." No, the worthy matron of the barn-yard name is worth more to the race than all the treatises on submarine warfare and diplomatic scheming ever set to types—worth far more than a stack of Orange Papers and Grey Books higher than the aforementioned hill, remembered through time because of the meaningless exploit of an unnamed Frankish monarch.

Dr. Holmes in "Over the Tea Cups" makes the remark, "a fellow writes in verse when he has nothing to say and feels too

dull and silly to say it in prose." What rank heresy the average boy or girl, pouring over "Mother Goose," would dub this sentiment! They will be loyal to prose, as set before them in "Little Red Riding Hood," "Cinderella," but they will indignantly protest that the fellow who writes in verse's broken lines is quite as full of living interest as the builder of the solid paragraph.

As one goes back in thought to his childhood days he remembers how personal to himself both the rhymes and the tales were; how they seemed to create an atmosphere especially for him, in which he completely lived. And in so far as this is the fact for most of us, it may seem to approximate sacrilege to dispel illusion; many "grown-ups," as well as children, retain a lingering affection for these friends of youth. Yet naked truth compels the statement that a majority of them are far from "original" to the nursery story-book, they are all but literally as old as the hills.

"Cinderella," for instance, was written by the Frenchman Perrault, and published in 1697 together with six other stories equally famous: "Jack the Giant Killer," "Bluebeard," "Puss in Boots," "The Sleeping Beauty," "Hop o' my thumb," and "Little Red Riding Hood." Further, Perrault obtained the foundation for the lost-slipper tale away back in the sixth (Egyptian) dynasty, about 2200 B.C., when a poor but beautiful girl, Rhodopis, lived at Naucrates, in north Africa, on the shores of the Mediterranean. One day, while bathing, the wind carried off her sandal (which, by the way, was made not of glass but of a rare, soft fur) and dropped it at the feet of Psammitichus, King of Egypt, at that hour holding court in the open air. This monarch was so promptly and properly impressed with the beauty and brevity of the sandal, that he sent messengers with it throughout the neighboring countries in search of the owner. Of course it would fit no one until it was put on the foot of Rhodopis. So she was led before the king who straightway made her his wife.

Our old friend "Humpty Dumpty" has been traced back to the days of King John. "The Babes in the Wood" comes down from the fifteenth century, and is founded on fact, an old house near Wayland Wood, Norfolk, having the whole story in carvings

on a mantelpiece. "Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, where have you been?" dates from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the first appearance of "Three Blind Mice" was in a Jacobean music book of 1609. "A Froggie would a-wooing go" was heard in 1650, "Little Jack Horner" and "Miss Moffit" are some hundred years earlier, while vastly older than any, "The House that Jack Built," is adapted from an ancient Chaldee hymn.

Many whose hair is now plentifully streaked with gray can still vividly recall from a picture book of their youth the laughing, quizzical face of "Old King Cole, a merry old soul,"—deservedly a great favorite. In reality, he is said to have been Cole, Coal, or Coil, a semi-mythical King of Britain who, according to Robert of Gloucester and other venerable chroniclers, succeeded to the British throne about the year 225 of our era. It was he, they say, who built the walls around the City of Colchester, which is named after him. The Roman General Constantine Chlorus engaged in a tedious war of three years to obtain possession of this stronghold and was only tempted to give up the siege when he accidentally beheld King Cole's beautiful daughter Helena. So deeply did he fall in love with her that he offered peace to the Britons on the condition that the fair princess be given him in marriage, which was done; legend further asserting that the Emperor Constantine was the fruit of this union.

Then there is that other sturdy standby of the days that are past, "Bluebeard," of Perrault's telling. It is well known that he was Giles de Retz, a Breton of infamous memory. He was really called Bluebeard as the story advises, by reason of the bluish tinge of his beard, and, indeed, fact differs little from fancy all through the man's life, the most important variance being that de Retz killed children instead of wives. Born to an inheritance which established him as the wealthiest and most powerful feudal baron in Brittany in the early fifteenth century, he began his public career fighting under Joan of Arc, and was created a marshal at twenty-five in recognition of great services. After the wars, he retired to his estates and entered on a life of such riotous extravagance as to make his patrimony melt quickly away. He then set about finding the philosopher's stone in order by its aid to recover his lost fortune; and, to placate the evil spirits whose

assistance he evoked in the search, he kidnapped and murdered about one hundred and fifty children, mixing their blood with the substance with which he experimented. It was several years before these crimes were traced to him, but when finally they were, he was arrested, tried, and executed,—still under forty years of age.

Returning to the rhymers, how many of us, big and little, still get at the lengths of the months through the lines beginning "Thirty days hath September"? These go back to the sixteenth century, when they were written by the English printer and publisher, Richard Grafton. But this is a case of simplest infancy alongside of the stanza beginning "Mother may I go out to swim?" for that is at least thirteen hundred years old; it has been traced to a jest book of the 500s. As for worthy "Mother Hubbard," some say she was of sixteenth-century parentage, others that the ballad was written by one Sarah Catharine Martin upon the housekeeper at Kitley in Devon, the seat of the Bastard family, and was dedicated to J. P. Bastard, M.P., and published in a little book of 1805's printing. It would seem by this version that its origin rests in a family joke.

A more interesting jingle, as well as one more reasonably certain as to its origin, is the quatrain:—

There was an old woman toss'd in a blanket,  
Seventeen times as high as the moon;  
But where she was going no mortal could tell,  
For under her arm she carried a broom.

This first appeared in type in a late eighteenth-century edition of "Mother Goose," printed and published in London by John Newbery; the first of the editions in English. Now Newbery is best known in that he so often employed Oliver Goldsmith to write for him, and there is a persisting tradition that this very verse was one of perhaps several added to the volume by that lovable and genial member of the Cheshire Cheese circle whom Johnson dubbed "Pretty Poll." Forster, in his life of the author of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, mentions a circumstance in this connection. It appears that when Goldsmith's *The Good-natured Man*, was first produced, he went with some friends to dine after the play. "Nay," says Forster, "to impress his friends still more forcibly with an idea of his magnanimity, he even sang his



favorite song, which he never consented to sing but on special occasions, about an old woman tossed in a blanket 17 times as high as the moon, and was altogether very noisy and loud."

The genesis of "Mother Goose" herself is more in doubt than almost any of the tales and ditties which for so many moons have been appearing under her name. For nearly half a century, literary detectives have given this subject occasional attention, and not yet has any thrown the light of finality on the subject. Perhaps the best brief statement of the case is that the good dame was a sort of figure of speech in the French nurseries back in the days of the fourth of the land's Henris. So far as has been ascertained, the first mention of "Mother Goose" in literature is to be found in *La Muse Historique*, by Loret, dated 1650. Loret was one of the small band of rhyming gazetteers who may be regarded as the journalists of France of their period. In one of his letters are four lines of verse relating to "La Mere Oye," which, of course, is using the *y* for the *i*, distinctive of old French. These refer to the mythical personage as a familiar, in asserting that "the motive of their mirth is as a tale of 'Mother Goose' finding fables and riddles which they guess and put down." This clearly indicates that "La Mere Oye" was a well-known figure of speech at the time. The idea appears to have originated in the provinces where a "Mother Goose" tale was merely a story to amuse children. Indeed, there is a saying in French, or once was, that one told a "Mother Goose" tale when relating an incident that did not seem to square with reason and fact.

The earliest American edition of "Mother Goose" is that of one Isaiah Thomas, who, in 1785, reprinted the Newbery volume practically without change. This held the field, on this side of the Atlantic, till about 1824 (the date is stated on the title-page), when the Boston house of Monroe & Francis put on the market a genuine compendium, elaborately entitled "Mother Goose's Quarto; or Melodies Complete, some of which have recently been discovered among the manuscripts in Herculaneum, and, of course, have never before appeared in print." The last page of the book is signed *Jemima Goose*.

In 1833 another and larger collection was published by C. S.

Francis & Co., and the title-page bore the statement "the whole compared, revised and sanctioned by one of the annotators of the Goose family." This reference seems to have been unfortunate, in that it caused one of the descendants of a Vergoose family in Boston, many years ago, to come into the public with the statement that a relative of his was the real author of "Mother Goose," and had printed the first of the melodies as early as 1719.

Boston knows yet another story in much the same connection, and this time associated with a bona fide Goose. His name, tradition relates, was Isaac, and he married Mistress Elizabeth Foster, with whom he lived, presumably happily, in the latter half of the seventeenth and the first years of the eighteenth centuries. It was not Isaac's first marital venture, for, on her wedding day, Elizabeth had presented to her a ready-made family of ten children. To this not ungenerous beginning, six other youngsters were added as the years rolled round,—in view of which domestic situation this veritable "Mother Goose" spent naturally a deal of time in the nursery crooning songs and old ditties to her numerous brood. Later, when her oldest daughter, Elizabeth, married a printer, Thomas Fleet, and a child blessed the union, she, in her old age, spent the whole time there, making so much noise with her singing as to annoy the quiet-loving Fleet, and, in fact, the entire street. The printer, however, being a shrewd man of business, thought with reason he might commercialize the cause of annoyance and profit thereby, so he published and sold his mother-in-law's lyrics. In receiving this story it is well to note that the rhymes, as we now know them, antedate the Boston "Mother Goose" by many a year,—though why not? Elizabeth the elder must have sung what she heard in her own childhood; she was no more than the ever-useful agent in keeping alive oral tradition until monkish scribe or Boston printer (it matters not which after a century or so) could happen along to set it all to enduring paper.

After all is said and done, though, isn't trifling with "Mother Goose" like trifling with Shakespeare? It makes scant difference who did the originals, or when. What living man or woman can improve upon them?

H. MERIAN ALLEN.

Philadelphia, Pa.

## BOOK REVIEWS

LLOYD GEORGE: THE MAN AND HIS STORY. By Frank Dilnot. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Unquestionably the two greatest men in the world of international affairs to-day are President Wilson and Lloyd George, and as these two men together will have a very large share in the readjustment of things when the great world strife is over, it is the duty of every thoughtful American citizen to inform himself fully as to the career and character of the present Prime Minister of England. Mr. Dilnot, who has had rare opportunities to observe the man in public and private life, traces his spectacular rise from the home of a humble, obscure cobbler in Wales to the stately house on Downing Street. As Mr. Dilnot tells it, the story is far more interesting than any romance, because it is true, and because it records the struggles of a man who, through courage, sublime faith in his country, keen intellect, hard and unremitting labor, has won his way in the face of opposition and abuse, and solely on his own merits has become the virtual ruler of the greatest nation on earth.

To many of his countrymen he seemed at first a veritable firebrand, a mob orator, a demagogue of the worst and most dangerous type, but even his enemies to-day are forced to acknowledge that he has become the savior of the nation. "I have seen Lloyd George," says Mr. Dilnot, "in a hundred capacities, electrifying a multitude, in the thick of battle with the cleverest minds of Parliament, attacking to their faces with relentless ferocity men of the noblest descent in Britain, and yet I know of nothing in his life which approaches in interest his relations with his old village friends of long ago. They like him for himself, and not for what he has become, though they are so proud of him." He has a sensitive soul and a kindly heart, together with the imagination of a poet; but in dealing with wrong or injustice, wherever he may see examples of it, he is utterly fearless, even bitter in his attacks, meeting scorn with scorn, and matching invective with invective. Altogether unconventional in habits and in methods of work, even laying himself open to criti-

cism on the score of inaccuracy in details, he accomplishes his purpose through intensive efficiency without mechanical routine and red tape, for in every office he has occupied he has broken all precedents and defied all rules. His very lack of formality, his open-mindedness and approachableness, his fiery zeal, his unconquerable enthusiasm, all serve to explain his powers of leadership; for he is not only a wonderful organizer, but a man among men, inspiring by his own example, convincing by his sincerity, his pertinacity, his shrewdness, his sense of fairplay. By means of such qualities he settled in one day the great strike of the miners in South Wales, and it was through him largely that England was led eventually to adopt the unpopular policy of conscription.

Tragic as was the death of Kitchener, it came at just the psychological moment for Lloyd George, for then his work as Minister of Munitions was practically done, and he, more than any other man in the kingdom, was fitted to take up the duties of War Minister. He at once associated with him General Sir William Robertson, a man after his own heart, a "soldier who had risen from the ranks, a quiet man who would stand no nonsense, and one who knew modern war conditions from A to Z." Thus the organization of the vast new army of Britain came "under the supervision and control of a Minister who began life as a village boy in a cottage of a shoemaker, and under the military direction of a commander-in-chief who also sprang from the common people, and as a young man was an ordinary trooper in the ranks. It could never henceforth be said that Britain, the most aristocratic country on earth, had not been content to hand over the reins to democracy in the greatest emergency in her history." All the world knows what has been accomplished by the British armies in the field recently, as a result of the reorganization instituted by Lloyd George. It is an inspiring story to us in America, and should serve to give us courage and comfort for the conflict which we are just entering into.

More than that, the story told in this book holds out even greater hope for the future of England and consequently of democracy the world over. In England Mr. Dilnot sees already a great transformation in conditions of labor in the social system,



Great Britain will be made over again,—“chastened in some ways, teeming with new thoughts, pulsing with new virility for at least a generation. Class prejudice will be lessened, perhaps in some directions will be completely wiped out.” Old political parties will disappear. The countryside will be transformed. The vast estates, such as existed in the Old South in this country, will be broken up and, with the assistance of the state, cottage dwellings and farm buildings will be put up by the thousands. The laboring man will come into his own. The hours and conditions of labor will be settled amicably, and the trade unions themselves will become less tyrannical and more liberal. The old rule prohibiting the operative from doing more than a certain amount of work in a certain time will be abolished, so that large sums may be earned by those who choose to work hard and to work early and late. There will be practically abolition of unemployment, increased earning powers for individuals, greater output of all kinds of products from the land, and higher profits for the employers, and England will take her place beside the United States as one of the great democracies of the world. Such is the vision Mr. Dilnot has of conditions after the war, and it is full of encouragement for those who see in this war only calamity and a blighted civilization.

But Lloyd George's task will not be complete when the war is over, for he will do his part in the reconstruction and in the insuring of peace for the generations to come. President Wilson's vision of a world-peace brought about by a federation of the nations, considered by some an impracticable proposal, will appeal strongly to the British statesman, who is not a man to be deterred by difficulties or ridicule. “The tenacity and high-mindedness of President Wilson are qualities which will especially appeal to him. He will be able to supplement them with that ingenuity and practicalness which are an integral part of his genius for getting things done. In the collaboration Lloyd George will probably find his culminating task.” These two men thus working together “may write their names indelibly on the history of the world.” Characterized by simplicity and sincerity of tone and style, the book is a worthy tribute to a great man and his great work for humanity and civilization.



A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. Vol. IV. 1798-1815. By Edward Channing. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1917. Pp. 575. \$2.75.

The fourth volume of Professor Channing's masterly work has just appeared. It takes up the narrative with Washington's first inauguration and brings it down to the end of the War of 1812. The first feature that strikes one about the book is that it makes good literature. No subject is so dry or technical that Professor Channing cannot wring from it some interesting aspects. As an illustration, may be cited the third and fourth chapters of the book, where the author displays Mr. Gladstone's magical touch in dealing with figures. The smooth flowing narrative never fails to attract the reader, whether the subject be the duties on nails and molasses under the tariff of 1789; or Hamilton's intricate scheme for funding the public debt in his first report on the public credit; or, again, the speculations of the Robert Morris syndicate in building lots when Washington City was laid out. One secret of Professor Channing's success is that he never exhausts the possibilities of a subject. What topic could be more attractive than the social life, customs, and habits of the American people at the beginning of our career as an independent nation? Professor McMaster in the first chapter of his *History of the People of the United States* devotes one hundred and two pages to this subject, and leaves us edified but wearied. Dr. Channing rounds out the same topics in twenty-seven pages, and we are eager for more. There are indeed times when we regret that the author has not accorded a fuller treatment to a subject of such importance. Chapter VI, on the Rise of Political Parties, may be cited as an example. So, too, the development of the frontier states. This latter deficiency may, however, be remedied in a subsequent volume. The truth is, Dr. Channing is nothing if he is provincial in treatment. He has the cosmopolitan outlook of an Oxford professor. Even though American interests should suffer in his narrative, he never fails to keep before our attention the European background. The interdependence of nation on nation, of American on European politics, is never forgotten. But scantiness of treatment accorded to a subject never means scantiness of knowledge concerning that subject with Professor Channing. He bears with

such ease his panoply of learning that we are apt to forget how complete it is in all its parts. His acquaintance with historical monographic literature is astonishing, and he cites with the same ease the most recent foreign publication on the X Y Z affair, or the British side of the Jay Treaty, or the last American monograph on Aaron Burr's intrigues and trial. The whole work will be a notable contribution to American historical literature.

— S. L. WARE.

THE IMMEDIATE CAUSES OF THE GREAT WAR. By Oliver Perry Chitwood. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1917. Pp. xii, 196.

The author promises us at the outset that he "will narrate briefly the direct causes of the European war as they are given in the published documents of the belligerents." These documents, Professor Chitwood assures us, "are abundantly adequate for determining the immediate responsibility of each nation, and apportioning the guilt for this great crime." After enumerating in a preliminary chapter what he calls the indirect causes of the war—the imperialistic policy of the great nations; the balance of power doctrine; the Balkan and Moroccan questions, and the division of Europe into the two hostile camps of the Triple and Dual Alliances, respectively—Dr. Chitwood plunges in *medias res*.

We have carefully followed to the end the author's painstaking analysis of the documents given out by the belligerents, but we cannot agree that Dr. Chitwood has fulfilled his promise of explaining the causes of the war. In his concluding chapter he is forced to acknowledge (page 190) that "the documents as a whole are rather vague," and that "the published correspondence raises many questions which must be answered before the guilt can be properly apportioned." Dr. Chitwood does not solve these questions, nor could he with the help of the diplomatic documents alone. It is indeed a poor diplomat who would permit himself and his country to be convicted out of his own mouth. What, then, caused the Great War? Was it, in the language of the theologians, national greed, hatred, and envy? Surely history will not content herself with this simple explanation of the common depravity of all mankind. Nor should she

when we reflect that never before were the prospects for peace and international goodwill fairer than at the beginning of the forty-year peace period which lasted from 1871 to 1911. Some wars there were in this period, but they were colonial wars, or conflicts with the unspeakable Turk. Never before have the Great Christian nations been drawn together so closely to carry on the world's work together in a spirit of peaceful coöperation. Surely illustrations are needless: international congresses and conventions for the standardizing of measures and factors to promote international commerce, international travel, international education, the prevention and cure of disease, the spread of science—a cosmopolitan culture, and what we may term an international mind—these phenomena, so characteristic of our times, are familiar to all. Have we not seen the growth and activity in yearly peace congress of one hundred and sixty peace societies in Continental Europe alone? Has not that greatest and noblest of the conceptions of the mediæval popes, an international tribunal to arbitrate and conciliate among the nations, been set up again in our midst? Has not the Great War come as a horrible surprise to most thinking people?

We are unable, then, to find the chief cause of this war in the growing depravity of mankind, but we believe we may find it in the growing ambitions (artfully excited by a ruling caste) of one great nation. This caste, bent on maintaining its autocratic power, has set itself the task of stemming the great world current which was turning towards cosmopolitanism and pacifism. It has found its instruments in two great axioms drawn, the one from the domain of law, the other from the field of ethics. The first axiom is that the State can do no wrong. This annihilates all international law. The second axiom is that God has chosen the German people as the most perfect nation on earth to carry out His will and regenerate the other and inferior peoples. This cuts at the root of international brotherhood, and cosmopolitanism; for these are founded on equality and mutual esteem among all nations. Militarism and progressive armaments are simply the consequences of these two axioms.

Why have our historians not informed us and warned us as to this great sinister movement going on within the German mind,

of this erecting again of the old barriers of national pride and prejudice which we imagined were breaking down? Evidently our teachers of history have been as blind to the laws of psychology, as our lawyers and judges, who have placed property rights above human rights, have been blind to the laws of sociology.

S. L. WARE.

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THE CERTAIN HOUR. By James Branch Cabell. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company.

In this volume, in which are collected ten of the distinctive stories of a modern romancer of old times, we catch the full flavor of that refined preciosity and almost acrid romance associated with the name of James Branch Cabell. As a confession of faith, the "auctorial induction," for all its sarcasms and caustic comment, is a sane and honest criticism of the status of contemporary taste in fiction in the United States. Yet the high aspiration of the author—"to write perfectly of beautiful happenings"—is marred by the touch of vanity (*is it unconscious?*), assumed by this author who presumes so artfully to write after the ancient manner.

Fascinating, indeed, are these stories of the crucial moment in the life of passion and sentiment—that certain moment which, grasped by the master opportunist or relinquished by the coward or sloven, sounds the knell of fate. Not soon can one forget the deep insight and wearied disillusionment of Shakespeare, as revealed in "Judith's Creed"—the Shakespeare who, lost to love's rhapsodies and clear-visioned in the *blasé* philosophy of middle age, lays bare his soul with the unashamed honesty of the true artist. Full of a certain languorous *insouciance* and mannered irresponsibility is "Olivia's Pottage"—the human impulses of Wycherley and Lady Dragheda asserting their mastery over the corrupt dandyisms and mercenary shrewdnesses of the era of the Restoration. Tenderest of all the stories is the poignant recital of the love of Mr. Pope for the unspoiled maiden of the fields—the heart-break, or the tragedy, of "A Brown Woman." All in all, a book to remember, to sigh over, to shudder over here, to thrill to there—fine and delicate, if precious, art-work. A. H.



THE ROOF OF THE WORLD. By H. G. Barnett. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

The fluency of the poet, the ready lilt through which he beguiles the reader, perhaps puts the latter on his guard. Stirred is the uneasy consciousness that this is that fluency classically described as "fatal." With the song of the open road, the facile beat of rhyme, must go the lyric cry of glad *insouciance* and the note of passionate utterance. Alas! that we do not find them here. The cry is thin and reedy; no passion sounds here its deep-toned diapason. This poet surely takes his ease in his own verse—there is neither the chisel of the classicist, not the challenge of the romanticist in these, now simply pretty, now exotically labyrinthine, rhymes.

There is something which smacks of the amateur workman in this persistent recitation of the conventional writhings of the pythoness, the solemn incubation of the astronomical figures and coruscating zodiacal signs. The wine is too dilute to give us that spell of wizardry that George Sterling so strangely gave us. In such verbal fancies as the "The Higher Perspective" one finds little joy:—

He sees white constellations  
Like vitreous bulbs out-blown,  
And crimson galaxies emerge  
From starry vortices that surge,  
Casting up spheres of stone. [Etc., etc.]

In the least ambitious of these poems, those in which Mr. Barnett makes no pretentious effort to dazzle his readers with a dazzling heap of recondite words,—imperfectly intelligible,—a happy effect is often created. Such is the poem which gives the volume its title; on the opening lines of "The Shallop," which sounds like a child's lullaby:—

The earth is like a shallop  
That rides the solar sea,  
Her speed a comet's gallop,  
Her mainsails broad and free.

She cleaves the silent billows  
And gallantly she rides,  
The Queen of All Flotillas  
The pearl of All the Tides.



This poet, whose pleasing success is all too readily won, should seek his development along several clear paths. Intensification of feeling will greatly strengthen and stiffen the light verse. Simplicity of utterance, the search for the just word, the fit phrase, which so often find their rationale in simplicity—is the great desideratum. Order is better than chaos; a small, clear current is preferable to a confused maelstrom. A. H.

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CHRONICLES OF THE CAPE FEAR RIVER. 1660-1916. By James Sprunt. Second Edition. Raleigh: Edwards and Broughton Printing Co. \$4.00.

The American research worker abroad is at once struck by the enormous number of local histories—county, departmental, parish or town—which he finds in the catalogues of the chief libraries. Of local histories in America, outside of New England, we have wofully few. Yet it is impossible to write accurate and enduring state or national history without the foundation of this local and antiquarian information. James Sprunt has made, in this respect, a notable contribution to the history of North Carolina, and to that of the Union at large, in this handsome and well-printed book of nearly seven hundred and fifty pages, illustrated with six maps.

After reviewing the geography, archæology, fauna and flora of the Cape Fear district, Mr. Sprunt passes on to colonial life. In his account of the Revolution it is the personal and social factors which chiefly engage his attention. Much of the book is, indeed, biographical. The reader will be chiefly interested in the two chapters devoted to the Civil War. Wilmington was the centre of blockade running, and the last important port remaining to the Confederacy. To these facts Mr. Sprunt has not failed to do full justice, and his very full account of the blockade runners and of their adventures constitutes the best part of the book. Considerable space is also accorded to the military operations, involving the siege and capture of Fort Fisher, and the occupation of Wilmington. The last third of the book forms a complete history of Wilmington; its trade and commerce, schools, churches, and other institutions. The index embraces over four thousand entries, and will thus prove especially valuable to historical workers and genealogists. S. L. WARE.

LECTURES AND ADDRESSES ON THE NEGRO IN THE SOUTH. November, 1915. Pp. 128.

RURAL LAND OWNERS AMONG THE NEGROES OF VIRGINIA, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO ALBEMARLE COUNTY. By Samuel T. Bitting. Publications of the University of Virginia, Phelps-Stokes Fellowship Papers. Charlottesville, Va.: The Michie Company. October, 1915. Pp. 110.

The Phelps-Stokes Fellowship for the Study of the Negro was founded at the University of Virginia in 1912 through a gift from the trustees of the Phelps-Stokes fund. The successive holders of the fellowship have organized classes, conducted investigations, and stimulated others to do so. The fruitful result is seen in these two important publications. The first contains lectures delivered at the University by recognized authorities on the negro question, such as Mr. Alfred Holt Stone, Professor Ulrich B. Phillips, and others. The second is a very valuable scientific investigation by a holder of the Phelps-Stokes Fellowship into the economic and social status of the rural landholding negro population of Virginia. In the case of Albemarle County the investigation has been very minute, and the results are carefully tabulated. The perusal of the extremely interesting lectures in the first publication fills one with mixed emotions. The greatest menace for the negro is disease, especially diseases producing racial degeneracy, such as diseases of the mind, tuberculosis, syphilis, and alcoholism. According to Mr. Bardin, one of the lecturers, the death rate per thousand both from tuberculosis and from syphilis among the negroes is about three times as great as among the whites. But one gains a more hopeful outlook from the other lectures. At any rate let us congratulate ourselves that the negro problem is being taken from the hands of Southern politicians and placed more and more in the hands of Southern thinkers and educators.

S. L. WARE.

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THE LEVELLER MOVEMENT. A Study in the History and Political Theory of the English Great Civil War. By Theodore Calvin Pease. Washington: American Historical Association. 1916. Pp. x, 406.

The exigences of space permit only the expression of hearty congratulations to Professor Pease for his monograph, to which was awarded the Adams prize in European History by the

American Historical Association. Rarely does the reviewer meet with a book which is so thorough, so complete, so exhaustive in its field as the present essay. It is not too much to say that within that field it will hold its own as a classic. The author reveals a most unusual knowledge of contemporary sources.

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FRENCH POLICY AND THE AMERICAN ALLIANCE OF 1778. By Edward S. Corwin. Princeton University Press. 1916. Pp. ix, 430. \$2.00.

In this volume Professor Corwin tells the story of France's intervention in the war of the American Revolution, and of the treaty Americans entered into with her at that time, the only entangling foreign alliance of our history. The book is a masterly study of the diplomatic history of the war, and brings out more clearly than has ever been done before the fact that France's championship of American independence was not brought about by the pressure of French philosophers enamored of intellectual freedom, but by French diplomatists in the interest of a dynastic policy of the Old Régime, viz., to recover for France her lost preëminence in Europe. In order to effect this object England had to be abased and enfeebled, England which so recently before, in the Seven Years War, had despoiled and humiliated France. After sketching this background of Old Régime diplomacy, Dr. Corwin devotes perhaps the most interesting part of his book to France's efforts to induce Spain, her hereditary ally, to join in the war against England. The interests of Spain conflict so strongly with the interests of the revolted colonies, that French-American coöperation in the conduct of the war is thereby imperilled and finally almost suspended. This antagonism of aims and interests is the best justification for the breach of their instructions by the American commissioners in the negotiations for the peace at Paris in 1782. S. L. WARE.

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AN INQUIRY INTO THE NATURE OF PEACE AND THE TERMS OF ITS PERFECTION. By Thorstein Veblen, author of *The Theory of the Leisure Class*, *The Instinct of Workmanship*, *Imperial Germany and the Industrial Revolution*. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1917. Pp. 367.

This is decidedly one of the more solid books that have to do with the war and the problem of a peace that shall be permanent.

Professor Veblen's statements will carry weight with many careful and thoughtful readers because of his emotional balance and subdued but strong and evident sympathy with the common man. He neither lashes the rich nor praises the poor, but shows in a way deliberate, leisurely, ironical but genial, earnest yet humorous, that peace is not possible so long as autocratic government and its attendant patriotism of prestige are allowed a voice in the counsels of the nations. He believes that the only full-fledged autocracies are Germany and its Austrian and Turkish pupils and dependents, and Imperial Japan. If Germany is politically transformed, he thinks, Japan can be safely handled by the League of Allied Democracies.

But Professor Veblen goes much further. He regards our present ownership and price-system as containing the same demon as political autocracy. The last paragraph of the book is suggestive, perhaps sinister, to some folk. We quote it entire as a summary of the author's economic attitude:—

“So, if the projectors of this peace at large are in any degree inclined to seek concessive terms on which the peace might hopefully be made enduring, it should evidently be part of their endeavors from the outset to put events in train for the present abatement and eventual abrogation of the rights of ownership and the price-system in which these rights take effect. A hopeful beginning along this line would manifestly be the neutralization of all pecuniary rights of citizenship, as has been indicated in an earlier passage. On the other hand, if peace is not desired at the cost of relinquishing the scheme of competitive gain and competitive spending, the promoters of peace should logically observe due precaution and move only so far in the direction of a peaceable settlement as would result in a sufficiently unstable equilibrium of mutual jealousies; such as might expeditiously be upset whenever discontent with pecuniary affairs should come to threaten this established scheme of pecuniary prerogatives.”

It will pay us all to ponder the significance, during these apocalyptic times, of the outstanding, climatic words: “pecuniary prerogatives.”

T. P. B.



THEOSOPHY AND MODERN THOUGHT. By G. Jinadasa. Theosophy and Life's Deeper Problems; Universal Text-books of Religion and Morals; New India Political Pamphlets. Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India. 1915, 1916.

In the midst of a war that has resolved itself into a contest between democracy and aristocracy, not only international but intranational, thoughtful men should not forget the democracy of the spirit as inclusive of all the democracies—political, intellectual, social, religious, etc. Hence one should regard it as a duty and a privilege to welcome all attempts of the cults "without the law" to justify themselves before the bar of intelligent world opinion. And this holds true with regard to our attitude toward the Theosophical movement under the devoted heroic leadership of Miss Annie Besant. *Theosophy and Modern Thought* strives to show the theosophical statement of the problems of heredity, of "History on the Light of Reincarnation," of the "Basis of Art Expression," of the "Search for Reality." The lecture on hereditary is a rather clever attempt to show that Mendelism can be stated in the language of theosophy by using Bateson's theory of the "release" of faculty. The author does not see that the Christian doctrine of the "release" of the Spirit by means of the sacrifice and resurrection of Christ includes all that theosophy contends for and much besides; that Plato's "ideas" are still the most classical expression of the theory of "archetypes"; no help is afforded us by the blank statement (p. 63) that "Kant and Fichte, Hegel and Schopenhauer," are "ancient Indian philosophers reborn." Nevertheless it is good to have a cult deal generously with the highest science, philosophy, and religion of the day, and attempt to ally itself with the best instead of depreciating it.

Miss Besant's booklet deals with God, Man, Right and Wrong, Brotherhood. Unquestionably some of the best insights into the immanence of God are to be found, scattered throughout an immense deal of chaff, in the writings of the Hindu sage—for instance this one: "I establish this universe with a portion of myself, and I remain." This is a fine expression of nature as God instrumental. The fascinating parallel on page 38 between hunger for "another meal" and the Law of Reincarnation is a good



type of theosophical thinking. It would appear that our physical hunger can best be satisfied at an ideal home : so in the Christian theory, heaven is our true home, and we need the "spiritual body" wherewith to enjoy blessedness instead of going through the tread-mill of reincarnation. However, everyone to his taste ! The book is worth reading if only for this sentence: "If you want advice and ask : 'Shall I disobey the customary law, and go my own way?'—then wait. The wanting of advice is the sign that the Spirit in you has not yet spoken with the compelling voice that you ought to obey."

It is a pleasure to see Miss Besant fighting against the caste system with the weapons that can reach the Hindu mind ; nor can her teaching be improved upon when she insists that true democracy means leveling up and not leveling down.

The "pamphlets" and "text-books" serve a useful purpose in awakening interest in the Theosophical movement, which undoubtedly emphasizes some aspects of truth often overlooked by many ultra-timid teachers of Christian doctrine and occidental democracy.

T. P. BAILEY.

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THE PROSECUTION OF JESUS : ITS DATE, HISTORY AND LEGALITY. By Richard Wellington Husband : Princeton University Press. 1916. Pp. 302.

In this careful piece of work Professor Husband, of Dartmouth, subjects the gospel records to a searching study in the light of Jewish and Roman legal procedure. It is interesting to note that his critical sifting of the four accounts reaches results closer to Mark, Luke, and John than to Matthew. His finding of John's account of the arrest of Jesus to be the most likely seems to lend color to the conservative belief that the Fourth Gospel contains material furnished by an eye-witness.

A summary of the author's conclusions (pp. 279-262) may be found interesting :—

"The trial and crucifixion occurred on Friday, April 3, A.D. 33. . . . The arrest took place about midnight, and was effected by the regular police force, commonly called 'officers of the Jews,' but sometimes named 'servants.' . . . The Romans were not concerned in the arrest. . . . The hearing (by the Sanhedrin) was comparable to grand jury proceedings, held for

the purpose of preparing a bill to submit to the trial court. . . . There was but one hearing by the Sanhedrin, held on the morning following the arrest. The Sanhedrin submitted to Pilate an indictment charging Jesus with false prophecy and with treason against the Roman Empire. The trial in the Roman court was a formal trial, conducted according to the usual procedure. . . . The governor did not acquit Jesus technically, but asserted that he did not display criminal intent. Pilate obviously believed that he was a religious enthusiast, and not deliberately revolutionist. He, therefore, asked the prosecutors not to press the charge, but, failing in his effort, he was forced to pronounce him guilty, and to sentence him to the regular penalty of crucifixion. The conviction was based solely upon the accusation of treason, for the governor refused to investigate the ecclesiastical charge of heresy or false prophecy. The arrest was legal, for it was conducted by the proper officers, acting under instructions from the Sanhedrin. . . . The hearing by the Sanhedrin was legal, for it was merely a preliminary hearing, and was not a formal trial. . . . The course of trial in the Roman court was legal, for it harmonized with the procedure shown in the sources to be that pursued by governors of provinces in hearing criminal cases. The conviction was legal, and was justified, provided the evidence was sufficient to substantiate the charges, and the records do not prove the contrary. But the accounts of the trial are so incomplete that it cannot be demonstrated whether the evidence would be considered adequate by an unbiased Roman lawyer, not under stress of surrounding excitement and mob impulse."

The author gives a dozen pages of bibliography. T. P. B.

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THE SPIRIT OF THE NEW THOUGHT. Edited by Horatio W. Dresser, author of *The Power of Silence*, etc. New York: T. Y. Crowell Company. 1917. Pp. 320. \$1.25.

Dr. Dresser, dean of New Thought, herein does a service for the much-taxed general reader, who is enabled by means of this collection of representative papers to get his bearings and to discriminate New Thought from Christian Science and other allied "movements."

Conspicuously thin as New Thought is, culturally and philosophically it is a vast improvement on the lesser cults without the law, for it is unsectarian, many-sided, an attitude and a methodical tendency, rather than a "church" or a "party."

The following quotation from a 1916 pronouncement of the International New Thought Alliance points out the central rallying ground for all these "healing" cults of expansion, without trying to hypnotize us with cabbalistic, esoteric, monotonous verbigiterations:—

"The New Thought practises in the twentieth century what Jesus taught and practised in the first century. He taught healing—it practises healing. He said: 'Judge not that ye be not judged'—it discourages condemnation and sees the good in others. He admonished us to take no anxious thought for the morrow—it practises the divine supply. He taught faith—it makes faith the central principles of its theory or practice. He taught love and brotherhood—it is demonstrating unity and coöperation. The New Thought is the Christ-thought made new by being applied and proved in everyday affairs."

T. P. B.

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THE MIDDLE ENGLISH IDEAL OF PERSONAL BEAUTY; as Found in the Metrical Romances and Legends of the XIII, XIV, and XV Centuries. By Walter Clyde Curry. Baltimore: J. H. Furst Company.

Although each country and each race is supposed to have its own ideals of beauty, it is clear from this investigation of Professor Curry's that in literary descriptions certain types readily become conventionalized and handed down from one country to another and from one generation to another. The Greek Alexandrian poets appear to have set the type, which furnished the model for the Roman Elegiac poets, and through them for the entire western world. "Beginning with the Renaissance, however, Italian poetry was perhaps the main channel through which traditional conceits were distributed." Thus the entire middle English ideal of both masculine and feminine beauty is borrowed, as well as the ideal of ugliness. All of which might seem to indicate the powerful sway of fashion over the minds of men and women. Professor Curry has investigated with pains-

taking detail every portion of the human figure from the hair to the feet, in order to discover the particular ideals of beauty attaching to each, and brings out many interesting facts. His conclusions would seem to show that after all human nature has not changed very much with the centuries, and that beauty is more than skin deep.

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TOWARDS AN ENDURING PEACE. A Symposium of Peace Proposals and Programs 1914-1915. Compiled by Randolph S. Bourne. New York: American Association for International Conciliation. Pp. xi, 336.

THE BASIS OF DURABLE PEACE. By Cosmos. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1917. Pp. 144.

The aim of the first of the above publications "is to present a discussion of some of the most hopeful and constructive suggestions for the settlement of the war on terms that would make for a lasting peace." Many writers are represented; Mr. Bourne selecting his material from books, magazines, manifestoes, programmes, etc., that have appeared since the beginning of the war. A most valuable compilation.

The second publication consists of sixteen essays written by the anonymous "Cosmos" and published, as readers of the *Times* will remember, in the columns of that newspaper in the months of November and December, 1916. In an appendix are gathered an exchange of letters between "Cosmos" and his critics.

S. L. WARE.

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A CRITICAL STUDY OF THE HISTORICAL METHOD OF SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER, with an Excursus on the Historical Conception of the Puritan Revolution from Clarendon to Gardiner. By Roland G. Usher. Washington University Studies, Vol. III, Pt. ii, No. 1. St. Louis. 1915. Pp. 159.

In this essay Professor Usher has little trouble in convicting the great historian of the Puritan Revolution of numerous inconsistencies in his judgments on men and events. He also taxes Gardiner's work with the lack of broad generalizations, and accuses him of employing the methods and style of the learned annalist rather than those of the scientific historian. So far so good. Had Dr. Usher pointed out these flaws in a simple straightforward manner, he would have rendered good service to histor-

ical criticism. But our critic at once predisposes the impartial reader against his own critical ability, when he shows a desire to pursue his noble quarry even to the death. We cannot better condemn this tendency of Dr. Usher's than in the words of his own critics, the first in reviewing a previous work of Dr. Usher, the other two in speaking of his present essay on Gardiner. They point out his pride "in avoiding all old-fashioned and outworn views"; his "strain of exaggeration"; his application of "so much knowledge, ingenuity and labor . . . to the search for petty flaws in the work of a great historian"; his selecting "isolated sentences, whole volumes apart," and subjecting them "to mathematical analysis"—these faults are all exemplified in the work that lies before us. (See *American Historical Review*, October, 1914, pp. 161-163, and October, 1916, pp. 143-145. Also Pease, *The Leveller Movement*, 367, reviewed *supra*.)

S. L. WARE.

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WORKFELLOWS IN SOCIAL PROGRESSION. By Kate Stephens. New York: Sturgis and Walton Company. 1916. \$1.50 net.

This late volume of essays by Miss Stephens includes a Prologue, followed by six papers on the working together of social forces which have had some important effect on social progress. The Prologue presents a clever discussion, and admits an advancing social will and mankind's secular progress. This is followed by "Our Country Newspaper as a Workfellow"—its record of social conditions. The second essay shows the influence of "Woman's Collegiate Education as a Workfellow." Then follows: "Uses and Abuses of Two English Words," namely, 'female' and 'woman'; "Plato's Imperishable Epigram," a suggestive piece of work; "Fables of Bronze and Iron Ages," and "Tobacco Battered and Pipes Shattered," based on a contemporary poet's protest at the beginning of tobacco-smoking in England.

T. P. B.